

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

BICYCLING rules as laid down by the City Council and enforced by the police, occasionally may seem to inflict hardships upon those who are prosecuted. When trailing behind a batch of slow riders on a bad pavement, the temptation to those who feel that they are skilled in the use of the wheel to swing over to the wrong side of a pavement in order to pass them, must be very great. However, there is no standard by which to judge those who are to be allowed, because of their skill, to transgress a law. In social life conventionalities are frequently considered oppressive, and the intelligent, experienced and well educated often imagine that they are superior to social enactments, and proceed to act as they please. Sometimes these people are forgiven, but as a rule they get themselves and others into trouble. The greatest harm they do the community is in leading the ignorant and the unskilled to follow their example, with unerring and unending disaster to everyone concerned. As the greatest greenhorn on a wheel imagines that he has mastered the whole business, he is apt to imitate those in whom certain eccentricities would not be dangerous. Therefore, those who really know how to handle themselves and their machines must suffer alike with those whose pretensions are ridiculous.

Bicyclists should understand that the idiot on the wheel is a menace to every citizen, and as the number of riders increases the greatest danger of the near future from him will be to those who are sedately wheeling on their own course and observing the rules. I imagine that this season will not have closed without demonstrating the fact that the use of the bicycle has been considerably discouraged by the reckless conduct of those who imagine that they are flying through space rather than occupying a share of the public pavement. This unfortunate feature, unless sternly repressed by the police, will be the cause of innumerable accidents and a feeling of insecurity amongst bicycle riders, which will necessarily destroy the pleasure and utility of this attractive form of locomotion. Bicyclists themselves, though these regulations may entail upon them a number of annoyances, should be the first to insist upon a rigid observance of every rule. They indeed should complain to the police and bear evidence against those rowdies and inconsiderate people who are continually causing mishaps. The police alone cannot cure the evil, even though it is caused by such a small minority of wheelmen.

The Anglo-Saxon character has been always noted for its insistence upon individual rights. The ordinary Englishman will take infinite trouble to punish those who, by disobeying the laws made for all, cause him inconvenience or embarrassment. He religiously insists that if he is to obey a certain law, everybody else shall do likewise, and that it conveniences are provided for him they shall not be taken away by any reckless or fraudulent pretension. It would be well for us all in this country to maintain this attitude. The kicker is really the salt of the earth. If it were not for the kickers in the hotels, trolley cars and railroad coaches, we would all be hustled about as if we had no rights whatever. Bearing this in mind, the bicyclist should not only observe the laws but insist upon everyone doing likewise. The pavements cannot be rebuilt in a day, neither can the horde of half-trained or reckless bicyclists be taught what is right in a season or two. Members of clubs and all able-bodied men should unite by common consent to protect the women, the cautious and the uncertain, from danger and accident. If this is not done, the bicycle will soon be used by few but errand boys and those who can suffer without great damage a tumble, or dare souch past the police.

All this is only with regard to bicyclists themselves, but both the good riders and the reckless ones should remember that pedestrians retain rights which must be considered inviolable until people walk no more. All people cannot afford wheels; there are many who have no liking for that sort of thing, and there are many others who are physically incapacitated for such exercise. They must know how to cross a street and which way to look for the coming bicycle, as well as the street car, which is apt to run them down. Those who write red-hot letters to the newspapers seem to imagine that the pavements, and the sidewalks even, were designed exclusively for the use of bicyclists. Those who insist upon this view of the matter cannot be too speedily taught by the police that such is not the case. Men who keep horses which cost them as much per year as would buy a half a dozen bicycles, are not allowed to speed their trotters on the public pavements. If there is anything in vested rights, the pedestrian and the horseman have the first claim. They have been willing to give up a great deal, but surely the most enthusiastic devotees of wheeling cannot expect them to be entirely banished from the streets of the city.

CREAT BRITAIN'S attitude towards the Pacific cable is one of the disappointments of the year. Australia, Canada and Great Britain had practically arranged to go into partnership in the building of this work so necessary to Imperial unity. After commissioners from Australia, Canada and Great Britain had met, and practically arranged that it should be a Government project, the Australasian colonies, which were likely to profit most by the building of the line, offered to assume four-ninths of the responsibility. Canada, likely to benefit least, was willing to assume a half of the remainder, that is to say, five-eighteenths of it, while Great Britain appeared to consent to assume the balance. At this late moment, while the matter is before the Dominion Parliament, Great Britain appears to have backed out of her share in what to everyone is evidently a most important Imperial enterprise, and offers nothing but an annual subsidy of \$100,000 for a limited time. As has been pointed out, there is practically no one to be subsidized, as it was arranged that the colonies and Great Britain should be partners, and surely Great Britain cannot hope for her colonies to build on their own hook a line of communication which is Imperial rather than Colonial in its chief value.

The worst of the whole affair appears to be that in Great Britain, as well as in Canada, existing corporations have an enormous "pull." The Eastern Extension Telegraph line, which is now doing the business at an enormous profit, and which is not within the Empire, has been able to defeat the project in Great Britain by its extraordinary influence, backed by officialism. This is a sickening damper upon the enthusiasm of the Imperial Federationists, who recently have been doing so much towards drawing the various colonies and the Mother Land together. Canadians may reasonably ask themselves if this is proper treatment for them to receive after having led in the movement for the establishment of Imperial Penny Postage, which was also stubbornly opposed by the Old Country officials. Is this another symptom that the Home authorities are so busy caressing their new-found allies in the United States, that they have no energy left to convince Canada that she is beloved, or at least has not been forgotten? Is it another symptom that our interests are to be overshadowed when new friends are to be made? If so, the Canadian Commissioners should resume their sittings in Washington prepared to resist any concessions asked by Great Britain, to be given as diplomatic sop to our neighbors, who do not even pretend to care for us and, it is to be feared, are only pretending to care for their over-eager British allies. The *Globe's* suggestion is a good one, that the Canadian Parliament should proceed with the consideration of the original proposal, authorize the expenditure of the money, and leave it to Downing street to explain to Australia and the British people why the arrangement was not completed. If such a course be followed, it is doubtful if John Ball as an individual will not make it exceedingly warm for the Eastern Extension Telegraph outfit and the officials who

have had to do with this unpatriotic fiasco. Symptoms of this sort of British sentiment are already apparent.

CAME across an interesting development of Canadian enterprise, retrogression, and enterprise again, in St. Catharines last week. I had been in St. Catharines before, but not for a loafing time, and I must confess that I never had any great ambition to spend a holiday in that locality. I had gone to St. Catharines by train and passed the station a hundred times, and to Port Dalhousie by boat, and thence by train to Niagara, but this time I went by the little steamer Lakeside, and loitered with her through Lock No. 1 and up the old canal to the foot of Lock No. 2. The scenery is a revelation. The placid waters, and the trees on the brown hills just bursting into green; the snug, old-fashioned houses; the orchards; the embankments now falling into decay, and the steamer creeping slowly up the sinuous channel, all contributed to one of the pleasantest hours I ever spent on inland waters. St. Catharines as a resting-place surprised me as much as did the old canal with the beauty of its scenery. Twenty or thirty years ago the saline waters at the huge old Stevenson House and at Springbank were noted all over America, and not unknown in Europe, for their curative powers. The immense hotel, which is now occupied by Demill College, and Springbank, which is now the home of Bishop Ridley College, were once crowded with guests largely from the Southern States. Cottages were built, and the annexes, as well as the hotels, were filled. Now these disused baths have all been removed, and The Welland is alone the dispenser of these once renowned waters. It was the enterprise of the late Colonel Stevenson which once made St. Catharines a famous spa, and with him

by an elevator instead of having to climb stairs.

Another peculiar feature of the place is that it is kept by brothers who are both lake captains, and men with brushes and brooms are always at work, as on a man-of-war, and the captains seem always in charge seeing that everybody is doing his or her work, keeping the brasses clean, and that every guest is properly looked after. I like this. Eternal vigilance is the price of cleanliness and of the absence of smells. Another odd feature is that the bar of the hotel is hidden in the basement, and no stranger could find it without asking for it, and if the visitor were taking baths he would probably be advised not to frequent it. The whole place is an oddity as compared with the ordinary Canadian resort of a similar kind. The fact that it is already reputed to be profitable and is regaining much of the popularity which the waters of St. Catharines appeared to have lost, indicates that no care, no matter how great, is wasted on providing for the comfort of tourists who are looking for health or rest.

EVIDENTLY the debating-school season is not yet over, for I am continually in receipt of letters from various parts of the country asking me for "points." My correspondents inform me that they have been chosen to take the affirmative or the negative of some "Resolved that," and some of them want me to tell them what to say, while others more modestly ask for the names of books which they can use to post themselves. The death of two of the grand old men of the century seems to have greatly impressed these debaters, for Gladstone and Bismarck loom up in a large percentage of the questions to be discussed. One young man states that he is on the affirmative side of the resolution "That

to be able to speak in public without nervousness, but Canada will soon be badly off if it goes on producing a crowd of fluent chatters who are always ready to jump to their feet and say something, even if they have nothing to talk about. If debates are to be held by the young folks, let the old-fashioned subjects prevail, such as, "Resolved: That the pleasures of anticipation are greater than those of realization," or "That intercession has created more havoc than war," or "That the pleasures of country life are greater than those of city life," or "Is punning permissible?" There are a dozen old and reliable subjects which will never be worn any more threadbare than they were when they first came into use, and these have the advantage of leaving something to the taste, imagination and experience, and "points" with regard to them can be had from every "oldest inhabitant" in every neighborhood.

THERE are many who believe that the revival of business in Toronto and the influx of manufacturers from outside cities and towns, have been largely due to the absence for several years of labor troubles from this vicinity. Steady and fairly remunerative employment has recently been a marked feature of the labor market. Better rentals for the almost bankrupt owners of houses, prompter payments of store bills, and a steady increase of population, have given Toronto a much more hopeful outlook than it had enjoyed for years. On the threshold of times which have improved in Toronto as a city much more slowly than elsewhere in Canada, it is to be hoped that the shadow of labor troubles will not permanently fall. Unfortunately, Toronto has a reputation for nearly always being in an industrial ferment of some sort. If the strikes which have been begun are continued, their importance cannot be measured by the loss of employment which the men must suffer, nor the loss of productive power which will come to employers, but by the general damage they will do to the city at large. If the spirit of compromise prevails we will avoid a great evil. Surely all reasonable men, whether employers or employees, must understand how critical a situation is being created.

A LREADY I have heard it said that the escape of those hardened old criminals, Pare and Holden, must do damage to the cause of young Ponton, as he and his friends will be suspected of having aided them in their escape. The fact that Ponton was in Toronto and that his counsel and most influential friends all happened to be distant from the scene of the jail-breaking, is also quoted as being a "suspicious circumstance." This, it strikes me, is a very distorted view to take of the affair. It is not the first time that Pare and Holden have broken jail, and it is probable the Napanee jail is the softest snap they ever struck as something to get out of. Moreover, the inspector of prisons says Pare did the work without assistance from the outside.

Why should a young fellow whose reputation has always been good be the first and last one to have piled upon his back the whole load of guilt, a large portion of which confessedly belongs to Pare and Holden? Why should one who is little better than a boy be crucified, while two of the most experienced and villainous cracksmen in America are practically held to have been tempted into wrong-doing by him? Why, in the name of everything that is reasonable and just, should a young fellow who is a fool if Pare and Holden's stories are correct, be made the chief conspirator both in the robbery and in the escape of the prisoners? Why should the power of the Crown be utilized to weave everything into another mesh in which to catch the simplest, and most transparent, and only reputable one of the three? Why should the fact that the whole community in which the young man lived is passionately certain of his innocence, be turned into an argument that Ponton or some of his friends helped the two cracksmen to break jail? I do not believe in trial by newspaper, nor in the people usurping the functions of the law, but after all what is law but the crystallization of public opinion? What is trial by jury but a representation of public opinion on a small scale? What, then, is lacking when no twelve men have been found to convict the accused, but when the whole jury of the community, after knowing Ponton well and hearing all the facts and understanding the circumstances, almost unanimously declares him innocent? In the face of all this the Crown, apparently at the instance of a powerful bank, pursues one who, if guilty at all, was least guilty, while making heroes out of two of as deep-dyed scoundrels as ever filled a cell.

In what way has the interest of justice been advanced by the methods pursued by the Bank and the Crown? The two cracksmen excited the greatest possible interest in court by the proud humility of their admissions that they were artists in the burglary line. The keys which had been made by Pare were handed about the court and excited the greatest interest and admiration of the assembled people. What would the weak youth in the crowd think when he heard that Pare was to go scot-free and Holden was likely to be treated leniently by the Crown, in order to convict Ponton? Would it not prove to them that to be the heroes of a trial exciting interest all over America, they must be expert artists in the profession of burglary? Now that these rascals have escaped they are more or less heroes in the eyes of crooks and the weak-minded. Indeed, I feel safe in saying that there are hundreds of silly people who have read all about this trial, who would to-day rather be Pare and Holden, guilty, than be Ponton, innocent. To-morrow, if the pair of crooks were captured and exhibited in Toronto, they could fill any theater in town, such is the fuss which has been made over them, while the educated young fellow, to convict whom so much trouble is being taken, while so much forgiveness has been shown to the two Parias of society, can barely make a living peddling cigars. If the cause of law and order, justice and decency, is being benefited by a procedure which is bringing about such extraordinary results, then we can feel reasonably sure that none of us will be accomplished or safe till we know how to burglarize a bank or break a jail.

O PPOSITION politicians and newspapers can hope for but little success in their efforts to detract from or destroy the effect of the Finance Minister's budget speech delivered on Tuesday. As everyone knows, the country as a whole is prosperous, and more than ever before within my memory the average Canadian seems prosperous. It was not necessary to convince Canadians of their prosperity, for the Finance Minister told them that the revenue for the last fiscal year amounted to \$40,555,238, a sum greater than the expenditure by \$1,722,713, and over a million and a quarter more than was anticipated, and two millions and three-quarters more than the previous year. The people of no country need to be told when times are good, though it is pleasant to have the exact figures in order to make exact comparisons with other years. It is also encouraging to know that the Finance Minister believes that with an unchanged tariff the volume of business will be so increased for the current year that a surplus of \$4,000,000 will remain in the treasury or warrant increased expenditure for the public good and the development of the country. It is to be hoped that the money will be used for these purposes, for, as the present Government once held, surpluses are apt to tempt governments into extravagant—even corrupt—expenditures.

The most startling and exhilarating statement made by Mr. Fielding was the one with regard to the increase of the total trade of the Dominion, showing, as it does, with what phenomenal leaps this country is advancing as a producer and consumer. To use the comparisons which the Finance Minister used in order to make his Administration appear conspicuous,



MISS JULIA ARTHUR AS JULIET.

(Act IV., Friar Laurence's Cell).

died, for many years, apparently, the idea of making the mineral springs a drawing feature. I have tried many of the famous mineral springs in America and Germany, but it was left for this remnant of St. Catharines' old enterprise to prove how thoroughly the success of curative waters depends upon the care, intelligence and enterprise of those who have them in charge; and if the present system is continued, St. Catharines will again become famed as a summer and winter resort for those who are rheumatic or want a rest. This is not an advertisement, and proprietors of other Canadian watering places who are offering similar inducements to visitors, and thus leading Canadians to spend their money at home, can always have the same publicity given to their features if they take the same pains to protect the public and to demonstrate the worth of what they offer.

What strikes one as odd at The Welland at St. Catharines is that you are not allowed to take a bath until the physician in charge "goes over" your heart (without charge) and makes out an order to the attendant with regard to the temperature at which you are to be boiled or soaked, according to your condition. In the baths you are not left alone for a moment, but a lusty masseur pulls your muscles into loops, and rubs and slaps you, and turns you over on your face, while your body is all the time under water, and at a certain time by the watch tells you to get out and be rubbed. One's volition in the matter counts for nothing, but after all it is rather comfortable to have someone else's judgment exercised in such a matter. I never knew how long I should stay in a hot bath, nor how hot I should take it, nor why I should not take it as hot as I liked, and it was pleasant not to feel any responsibility in the matter. It is also pleasant to be advised to go back to bed again, for when one is resting it is pleasant to rest under someone's direction—it sanctifies the feeling of laziness. Moreover, it is pleasant to rest in a great, big, old-fashioned bed-room in a great, big, bright, old-fashioned house, and to be lifted up and down

Gladstone did more for civilization than was done by Bismarck. Another outfit is resolved "That Gladstone did more than Gladstone for the peace of Europe;" still another, "That Gladstone was a greater statesman than Gladstone;" another has it "That Gladstone exercised greater influence than Bismarck;" still another, "That Bismarck's influence in Germany was greater than Gladstone's influence in England." Nearly all of these letters reach me about a week or ten days before the great event to take place, and if I had known there were likely to be so many of them I would have had a little slip printed, giving suggestions to the disputants, but as the season is about over I can only say that I have answered none of the letters, simply because life is too short for that sort of thing, and besides, it would not be fair for anyone who knows as little about it as I do to mislead the gentle youths and maidens who are so willing to let me do their work for them.

However, if my advice is worth anything, here it goes. It would be better for young people to discuss things they know something about. As far as these applications have been concerned, they betray absolute absence of any knowledge of either the life or influence of either of the two great men whose deeds are to be canvassed and whose influence is to be weighed. To arrive at anything like a reasonable conclusion as to which man was the greater, a couple of months should be devoted to a careful study of the subject. No good can be done in debating schools or elsewhere by idle talk, vague generalities, or astounding assertions which, owing to the ignorance of the opposition, may go uncontradicted. It is to be feared that in this country there is a prevalent notion that if young folks can only get up and talk for the length of time allotted to them, without blushing themselves to death or falling in a fit, they are educating themselves as public speakers, if not orators. The contrary is the fact; we have already too many people who go to great lengths to show off their oratory, and to do it in a way that is preposterous. It is to be feared that in this country there is a prevalent notion that if young folks can only get up and talk for the length of time allotted to them, without blushing themselves to death or falling in a fit, they are educating themselves as public speakers, if not orators. The contrary is the fact; we have already too many people who go to great lengths to show off their oratory, and to do it in a way that is preposterous.

in the last two years, under the Liberal Government, the total trade of the Dominion has increased by over \$60,000,000, while the total increase from 1879 to 1896 (eighteen years of Conservative Government), was only \$57,000,000. Of course it would be preposterous to ascribe this marvelous increase to any change of government, but it will be difficult for the Opposition to show exactly why it was that such an extraordinary change took place as soon as they went out of power. It will probably be sufficient for Canadians to know that these figures are correct, in order to induce them to stick to a Government which was lucky enough, to say the least, to inaugurate an era of such splendid prosperity.

We are not prone to question how good luck comes to us, but we are very loath to change from the lucky man to the unlucky one. All of us have superstitions lingering in our minds, and the man who religiously refuses to walk under a ladder, or to put on his left shoe first, or to cut across a corner, or to bet at the races if he meets a cross-eyed man on the way, or start on a journey on a Friday—and this includes nearly everybody—cannot be reckoned upon as anxious to trade off a Government which has been so "lucky" as to increase business sixty-six million dollars in two years, for an outfit that only increased business fifty-seven million dollars in eighteen years. This prosperity may have been largely brought about by the National Policy, but if this argument is used by those who inaugurated the Policy, it only proves that they did not know how to work their own machine, and that it never turned out a good grist until the Grits got hold of it. It is no compliment for the Opposition to say that they built the National Policy, if in the same breath they prove that they did not know how to manipulate it and a new shift of politicians had to put on it to make it hum. I am doubtful if the cry of "stolen clothes" is likely to agitate any but the old line partisans who would rather be poor under an administration of their own than get rich with someone else in charge of the ship.

It seems as if the new crowd were wearing the old clothes to pretty good advantage, and some people hold that the garments must have been originally made for them but were misappropriated for the first eighteen years. Seriously, the people of this Dominion are too busy trying to get along to ask many whys or wherefores. They will be glad to see the balance-sheet and will trim their sails accordingly, and it will probably be found that they are in such a hurry to make money while the sun of prosperity shines, as not to take time to change their bookkeepers or the officials in charge of the job at Ottawa. This is perhaps not the most learned or logical way to discuss a budget speech, but it is about the way that the budget speech will be taken.

The Newspaper Club.

BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

Is Punning Permissible?

Hugh Clark recalls some good ones. Punning had been placed under the ban I shudder to think of the pauperizing effect it would have had on the world's fund of anecdote and on literature. Douglas Jerrold would not have said, "Extremes meet," when someone told him he had dined on calves' tails. We should have missed those passages among three of the most invertebrate punsters of England. Charlie Matthews and Theodore Hook were close friends. Tom Hood remarked how frequently they were together. "Is it anything remarkable that hook and eye should be together?" enquired Matthews. They all laughed at the clever retort and staked the dinner for three on the result of a punning competition. Presently they approached a pub, on which was the misspelled sign, "Bear sold here." "Hello," said Hook, "I guess that bear is of its own brain." Arriving in front of a vacant lot they observed the sign, "Beware the Dog," but no sign of the dog itself. Hood went over to it and picking up a piece of soft lime-stone wrote under it the interrogation, "Wear the dog?" History does not relate which of the three had to pay for the dinner, but would it not have been too bad if these clever sayings had been suppressed by an embargo upon puns? Coming down to more recent times, recall the observation of the Buffalo *Express* that "Canada does not know enough to come in out of the Reign—Britannia." If puns had been declared in bad form, do you suppose that John Robson Cameron, Esq., of Hamilton, (Wentworth county), would have retorted that "Canada knows enough at least to keep out of the Hall—Columbia." I might go on citing samples that plead for literary recognition of the pun, but these will suffice. Excuse me now if I drop into poetry. (It is the first drop I have had in years!)

I do not think it would be fair
To generally condemn the pun,
It's very good when it is rare,
It's odious when it's overdone.

"Two puns I honor, and no third." The one is so good as to be witty, and the other is so bad as to be funny. It is the pun that lies between these two, the moderately good pun, the average pun, the respectable pun, that has brought the whole business into disrepute. Woeared of such, some noted person said that the pun was the lowest form of wit, to which the answer was, "Yes, because it is the foundation of all wit." Or it might be said it is the alphabet of wit. In punning there is a play upon words; in the next higher form, a play on phrases; in the highest, a play upon ideas, Q.E.D. The office of the other kind of pun, the exceeding bad pun, is simply to produce laughter. It is a thankless task, as the bad punster has frequently to dodge pipes, books and other hard substances, thrown by the ingrates whom he has caused to laugh. The same people turn up their noses at Bill Nye, declaring that his is not "true humor" and bidding one go study Cervantes and Charles Lamb. Some people want to analyze laughter, and think they ought not to laugh except at something which can be logically demonstrated to be funny. On the contrary, I think the best laughter is the child, who laughs at nothing, or at something so subtle that our hardened sense of humor cannot appreciate it. Children laughing in this way are often worried and badgered by teachers and stern parents, who want to know what they are laughing at. At nothing, of course, or at something you could not understand if it were explained to you. Leave them alone and they will stop laughing just as unaccountably as they began. That blessing of laughing easily and spontaneously will leave them soon enough.

"Why with such earnest pains dost thou invoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke?
Full soon thy soul shall have its earthly freight
And custom lie upon thee with a weight.
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

This can hardly be regarded as a no-pun question. You might as well ask, "Is consumption permissible?" or "Ought appendicitis to be prohibited?" The true punster is born, not made. Paronomasia is a natural endowment or affliction, as you choose; anyway, it's part of the individual's intellectual make-up and cannot be suppressed either by law or social restriction. Public opinion would hardly endorse the gallows as a penalty, apart from which the practice cannot be altered. With the genuine paronomasiac, the pun is spontaneous and up-welling from the inner depths of his being as the song of the birds. He can't help it, he doesn't know when he does it. Then why talk of prevention or punishment when no pun-is-meant? But there are others to whom the pun is an acquired taste, like olives or tomatoes, for the habit is uncontrollably contagious. As the poet has truly said:

"Punning's a vice of such insidious guise
That though at first the hearer shuddering flies,
Yet heed too oft we share the dolorous fun;
We first endure, then snicker, and then pun."

Something might, perhaps, be done to mitigate the evil by the establishment of isolation hospitals, in which all natural

paronomasiacs, after being duly pronounced such by a commission de punatice inquirendo, could be incarcerated to prevent the contagion from spreading. But as it is questionable whether the Government will vote the necessary appropriation, we shall have to await the advent of the benevolent millionaire, who might find in a bequest of this nature a welcome means of dodging the succession duty. As to the mere imitators, who with painful self-consciousness, are struggling to acquire the faculty, the moral reprobation of the community, properly emphasized, would doubtless be effective. Have we no reformers who will undertake to lead the crusade? Oh, for the eloquence of a Punisher, for example, to warn the youth to shun puns!

Franklin Gadsby tells us of a lamented Irish person.

There was a punster
Came from Munster,
An Irish wit, and free,
Clever at gibes
And distresses,
Likewise at repartee.

But he preferred
To tease the word—
The trick's paronomasia;
We call it pun,
He called it fun,
And he would surely craze you.

For day and night
This ruthless wight
Was doing verbal murder;
More words he'd slay
In jocund way
Than dervishes the Sirdar.

His wretched life
With quips was rife,—
His presence made you shiver,
He played his game
Till Charon came
And rowed him o'er the river.

"A little boy,
Twas father's joy
To lay the sticks on me;
But now," he said,
With laughter red,
"I'm on the Styx, you see."

And Charon boiled,
His blood was roiled,
He hit him with the oar;
And, as he drowned,
The shores resound
"We've heard that joke before."

About six years ago I allowed a punster in Toronto to observe me wince at one of his puns, and from that day to this he practices upon me. If I chance to say that I should like to go to the Yukon he replies: "Yukon go if you wish." Pun or no pun, when he makes that statement he utters an untruth, but I firmly believe that if he were on trial for his life he would pun with his cross-examiner, and, for a good pun, would hang joyously. This is why I think punning a symptom of insanity—a madness like the thirst for liquor or for free theater-tickets. There is only one man more detestable than the punster. This other fellow carries a wire puzzle in his pocket, and, handing it to you, asks you if you have seen it. If he asked you to try to "do" it you would not touch it, but you are willing to see it—and you try it. You arouse yourself in five minutes and find that you are striving with that fool puzzle, and you throw it down. Then he gives it a couple of twists and it is done. He tries to make you feel that he is vastly superior to you. "Why is a crow?" he then asks you. Inwardly you are wondering why it should be assumed that a man commits a crime merely because he kills another person, for why should anybody kick up a fuss about knocking in such a head as the one before you? "It's a good conundrum," he says. "Why is a crow?" He goes to the door. "Caws," he answers. And you look at your dog, and you wonder why good dogs have not immortal souls when any man can have one.

Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Mr. Hugh Langton, librarian of Toronto University, and Miss Ethel Beatrice Street, eldest daughter of Mr. Justice Street, took place in St. Thomas' church on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Charles Shortt, assisted by Rev. H. Hartley, officiating. The service was fully choral and the chancel was decorated for the marriage with lilies and palms. Miss Street's bridal robe was of white satin, *en train*, with guimpes and sleeves of *chiffon* and rever of rare Honiton lace. The bouquet was of white wistaria and ferns, and the orthodox vell and orange blossoms were worn. The bride, preceded by her four maids, Misses Amy and Evelyn Street, her sisters, Miss Marjorie Boulton and Miss Mabel Cartwright, who wore reseda green *taffeta* frocks frilled with white *chiffon*, and fuchsias, guimpes and sleeves of *chiffon*, and white hats, was led in by her father, who gave her away. Mr. John Langton was best man, and Messrs. E. Grieg, S. Heward, G. Heward and C. McInnes were the ushers. The reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents in Walmer road, where also a splendid array of gifts were arranged in the library. With all good wishes and three rousing cheers the bride and groom presently drove to the late afternoon train, the bride's traveling-dress being of blue cloth, with toque to correspond. The honeymoon will be spent in large American cities.

A spring tea at Summerhill, the lovely suburban home of Dr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith, was society's northern outing last Saturday. Although at its highest beauty in apple blossom time, the place was pretty and bright last week with fresh verdure. Mrs. Larratt Smith received, with Mrs. Lenox Smith of Quebec at her side, who was welcomed by all. At the tea-table Misses Violet and Audrey Smith and Miss Hilda Boulton officiated. Good-byes were said to Miss Audrey, now on her way to England. A large party of ladies were at this tea.

The unreserved sale at Townsend's of Mr. Lucius O'Brien's pictures is an event which rouses much interest. There is doubtless much added importance by reason of the sympathy everyone has felt with the fine artist in his long and trying illness. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien will go South shortly for the benefit of the invalid, and afterwards to the West Coast. Many very fine pictures are in the hands of the auctioneer to dispose of on May 10.

Beautiful with the sudden advance of summerlike weather were the lawns and terraces of Rosedale House on Tuesday, when Mr. Peacock Ridout gave a tea, enabling many friends to enjoy a party with his guest, Mrs. Walter Ridout, and to feast their city eyes with quite a country-house scene, and their lungs with the freshest air, while sundry less ethereal good things were offered to their more material taste. The people did not long linger in the spacious drawing-rooms, but after the cup of fragrant tea, made place for new-comers, and took their way out into the sunlight and strolled over the lovely turf to the gorgeous beds of scarlet and gold tulips or odorous hyacinths, all in ranks of pale-tinted blooms, or sat chatting on chairs arranged on the lawn opposite the entrance doors. From five o'clock until after six people kept dropping in by way of either entrance to the grounds, and for each was the same pleasant welcome from the master, whose typical English presence was so in keeping with the sylvan scene. Mrs. Walter Ridout, fair and sweet in a soft white frock, was pouring tea, shaking hands, exchanging greetings with her old friends, with no pretense of formality, and everyone agreed that the hour at Rosedale House was the most pleasant of the week's reunions. Miss Mowat and Mrs. Fred Mowat came in after the Langton-Street wedding reception, as did several others. Mr. and Mrs. Grant Ridout were late comers from their home on the far west side. The bride was exquisitely dressed in a perfect fitting gray gown and dainty purple hat. Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lee and Miss Lee, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. J. Juchereau Kingsmill, Mrs. George Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs.

Hankey and Miss Hankey, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. Byron, the Misses Rowand, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Michie and Miss Skeaff, Mrs. and Miss Errol Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Stanger, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Mr. Donovan, Mrs. Cattanach, the Misses Hugel, Miss Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brouse, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Kirkland, and Mr. Lefroy, were some of the guests.

A delightful little tea was given by Mrs. Hankey on Wednesday afternoon in her drawing-room at the Arlington, at which a very jolly party of friends were assembled. Mr. and Mrs. Hankey and Miss Gwendolyn Hankey welcomed them with cordial words, and Miss Hankey, with Miss Jessie Rowand, who looked exceedingly well in a dainty white waist and cardinal and black skirt, were busy at the tea-table. Mrs. Biggar of Belleville, who has been in town for a short visit, and returns, I hear, to-day, played for the five-o'clockers some charming *moreaux*, and Miss Hankey sang a sweet song as well. Some of the pleasant company were: Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. Biggar of Belleville, Captain McDonnell, Mrs. Forester, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Stanger, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Perkins, Mrs. Mahon, Mr. Donovan, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. Peacock Ridout.

Mr. D. A. McKellar, late of New York, left Toronto Hospital on Wednesday for his home in Penetang, somewhat improved in health. It is hoped by his many friends in Toronto and New York that a summer in the north will put him on his feet again. Mr. McKellar is well known amongst the newspaper and artistic fraternities in Toronto, owing to his connection with TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT some years ago. For the past seven years he has resided in New York, where his drawings in black and white were frequently the highest adornment of the pages of *Life* and other journals.

Colonel Lessard has returned from Kingston suffering from a slight illness. His Lordship the Bishop of Algoma returned home this week after a short visit in town during the meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary. His Lordship was a guest at Howden Holme, and on last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Tomlinson gave an informal tea in honor of her distinguished visitor, at which Mrs. Sweatman, Provost and Mrs. Welch, Canon Cayley, Canon Sweeney, Rev. Dyson Hague and numbers of other clergy and friends, about forty in all, including Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Wood, Mrs. Williamson, Miss Cartwright, Mrs. Dalton, Miss Grier, Miss Tilley and Mrs. Grindley, were pleased to greet Bishop Thorlone.

On Wednesday morning, with all due ceremony, the Right Rev. Dennis O'Connor, D.D., Bishop of London, was installed as Archbishop of Toronto at St. Michael's Cathedral. An immense crowd, among whom were many prominent Protestants, witnessed the ceremony. Dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church from different parts of Canada were present, and they, in their robes and gorgeous vestments, with the fully-lighted high altar as a background, made a very brilliant spectacle indeed. The music was exceptionally fine.

Mr. Guy Beverley Robinson of St. John, N.B., paid a short visit to friends in town this week.

Mr. James H. Plummer has gone to the Klondike to inspect the newly established branches of the C.B. of Commerce, whose staff are nearly all Toronto men.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who came down from Ottawa to be present at the ceremony of the installation of the Most Reverend Archbishop O'Connor on Wednesday morning, was accompanied by the Postmaster-General and Hon. R. W. Scott. Mr. Mulock drove the Premier out in the afternoon, and the drive included a call at Government House, after luncheon at the National Club. Sir Wilfrid was greeted by many warm admirers when he was seen down town. Hon. William Mulock was his host at dinner, and the Premier returned to Ottawa by the evening train.

The wedding of Mr. W. Herbert Greig and Miss Lily Thorley, daughter of the late C.J. Thorley, was celebrated on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother, 12 Division street. The event was of a quiet nature, only the relatives of the contracting parties being present.

Miss Lillian Hamilton, who has been suffering from a relapse of grippe, has gone to visit her cousin, Mrs. George Tuttle, at Niagara Falls, and is deriving much benefit from the change. Miss Hamilton is accompanied by her friend, Miss Marian Love.

Dr. J. Boyer and family arrived from London, England, last week and are at the Rossin, where, during their stay in December of 1897, they made many friends, Mrs. Boyer being a charming Scots woman. The doctor, who is a Canadian, is thinking of living here.

Mrs. Ham, wife of Dr. Ham of St. James, and her little daughter Lorna leave on the first of June for a holiday in England. The doctor goes over in July for a couple of months. Mrs. Ham is to attend the commemoration at Oxford on June 17, when Mr. Herbert Ham of Worcester College, brother of Dr. Ham, takes his arts degree.

The final meeting of the Women's Musical Club will be held in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, May 23. Invitations may be had from Miss Grace Boulton, 15 Grange Road, up to the time of the last private meeting of the club on Monday, May 15. The fee for outsiders will be fifty cents. On Monday, May 15, the members will receive copies of the club's constitution.

Captain Forester returns to-day from ten days' absence down East on military matters. Last Tuesday Mrs. Buchanan arrived in town on a short visit to Mrs. Forester. Miss Trot Buchanan has gone to Nelson, B.C., in company with Mrs. Arthur Ross and Mr. Donald Ross to visit friends for some weeks.

On the Sunday preceding the Queen's Birthday the annual church parade of the Toronto garrison will take place at Massey Hall. The Governor-General, it is hoped, will be present, and some other distinguished visitors as well.

Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Mitchell went to New York this week for a short stay. They will there have had a delightful little visit with Mr. and Mrs. Broughall, who were stopping at the Manhattan.

Torontonians who met Lady Mary Sackville this spring on her flying visit to this city during Horse Show week, may not find themselves puzzled in England this summer if they remember the following item from T. P. O'Connor's gossip paper, *M.A.P.* (mostly about people): "But it is not only Royalty and distinguished politicians who can boast of 'doubles.' Lady Mary Sackville's double is Miss Dora Wilson, who is frequently mistaken for Lady de la Warr's handsome daughter."

Japan's Ambassador to the Court of St. James was in the city for a few hours on Monday. Mr. Kato Takaaki is his name. He is on his way home to enjoy a leave of absence. Mrs. Kato Takaaki was with him, and the party attracted considerable attention at the Queen's, also during the drive around the city, which they enjoyed seeing.

Last Thursday evening Col. and Mrs. Cosby celebrated the anniversary of their wedding day. A number of friends were present at their handsome home, and good wishes with many happy speeches were given in good measure, pressed down and flowing over, to the gallant Colonel and his wife.

Rev. H. J. Cody of Wycliffe College has been appointed assistant rector to Rev. T. C. Des Barres of St. Paul's church, Bloor street, where he has been curate for some time back.

Dr. Willmott is building a house in College street, next to the one lately built by Dr. Peters. This fills up the frontage of the old Walker place, Surrey Villa, which, I believe, was built by Mr. George Hague of the Merchants' Bank, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kent, accompanied by their youngest son and daughter, left for New York last Saturday, where Mr. Kent and his son take the steamer on an extended European business trip.

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Special Importations of High Class Foreign Dress Fabrics

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Fly Front Cloth Jackets, in gray, mode, blue, 32 to 35 sizes, at.....	\$6.75

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but come here where you are
sure to be pleased with our fit
and price of spectacles.

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serving pan to a basting spoon in
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Liquid Extract of Malt

The Health
Builder
Makes Flesh
and Blood
Makes Strong
the Weak

The only Malt Extract on the market prepared in a similar manner to the world-famed

Hof's Malt Extract
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Toronto

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MISS E. PORTER

Ladies' Work Depository 47 KING WEST

Social and Personal.

A number of pleasant teas have been on the *tapis* this week, pleasant in every particular but one, that several of them were given as farewells to popular visitors or well-liked residents who are leaving town. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Cattanach received a few of her relatives, Mrs. Arthur Ross's friends, to give them an opportunity of bidding good-bye to Mrs. Ross, who left for the West Coast on Wednesday morning. In Toronto, as in Ottawa, Winnipeg and the cities of the farthest West, the fact that the ladies were friends of Mrs. Ross bespeaks their charm, that lovely lady, by her innate goodness and sincerity of friendship, always attracting cordial and congenial persons. The little coterie were waited upon by the two young daughters of the hostess in perfect manner, and Mrs. Ross was overwhelmed with all good wishes for her continued improvement in health, and hopes that in far less time than the anticipated year she will be back again. Among the ladies at the little tea were: Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Joseph Macdougall, Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Hugh Sutherland, Lady Thompson, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Lister and Mrs. Harrison.

On Monday another farewell tea was given for Miss Todd, the bride-elect of next Wednesday, and many said welcome to the bridegroom-elect, Mr. Byron, who has made friends everywhere in his brief sojourn. Mrs. Rowand, the gentle and beloved mother of the happy family circle at 80 St. Patrick street, received, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Hankey, whose impending leave-taking is everywhere being regretted, and in the tea-room Miss Rowand, Miss Jessie Rowand and Miss Hankey were kindness and attention personified, not to mention jolly, genial Mr. Hankey, who is a pattern to the *blaze* and *difficult* young men of today in his bright gallantry. The tea was only an informal one, and was, as are all the gatherings at Mrs. Rowand's, thoroughly enjoyable. Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. Percival Ridout and his guest, Mrs. Walter Ridout, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. George Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. Donovan, Mr. Osborne, Major Tasse, Mr. Bunting, Mr. Stinson, Mr. Maule, Miss Brock, Miss Perkins, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Violet Langmuir, Mr. George Biggar, Miss Buck, Mr. H. A. Patterson, the Misses Patteson and Mr. Scott were guests.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Osler of Craigleath had some friends for tea to meet Mrs. Greenwood, who is on a visit with Mrs. Montizambert in St. George street. The lovely day was enjoyed by everyone, and Rosedale in its spring garb was a very lovely suburb.

Mrs. Kearns gave on Tuesday, at McConkey's, a very elegant luncheon for her sister, Mrs. Gordon of New York. Pink roses were the table decoration, and the guests included Mrs. Herbert Greene, Mrs. Jackes, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Hedley, Mrs. Widmer Hawke and the guest of honor, Mrs. Gordon.

A large and beautiful luncheon was given on Friday of last week at McConkey's by Mrs. Edwin Thomas of St. Joseph street, in honor of Miss Sproul of St. Louis. Covers were laid for fourteen, and the menu was of a very dainty and tempting description.

That the Spiering String Quartette are to be heard in their delightful chamber music on May 16 is pleasant news for lovers of that refined and educative style of music, which is to the rest of music as is the exquisite miniature to the rest of painting. The Chicago musicians are masters of their art, and on their last visit their audience was both large and

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You run no risk whatever, and the best stock in Canada is thus at your service.

Mrs. P. J. Mulqueen will be at Home Wednesday and Thursday of next week, corner Queen and Claremont streets.

Mrs. Hoyles gives a tea this afternoon to which friends are invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Macaonachie.

Mr. and Mrs. McWhinney have removed from Madison avenue and are boarding for the present at 31 Wilcox street. Mrs. McWhinney will go to Muskoka next month for the summer.

A correspondent sends the following correction: "In the last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, in alluding to the Art Loan Exhibition entertainment, an error has been made in naming Miss Olive Walker as having danced the Brownie Dance with Phyllis Lawlor, whereas it was Miss Bessie Caldwell, who is one of Mr. Sage's pupils as well as Phyllis Lawlor."

Miss Margaret Huston is giving an afternoon *musicalie* in her studio in the Confederation Life Building to-day at four o'clock, at which a very smart company will be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt are boarding at 142 Bloor street west, having rented their residence in Jarvis street for the summer. They will sail next month for England to attend the Henley Regatta.

On next Tuesday evening the Toronto Humane Society hold their annual meeting in St. George's Hall at eight o'clock. The public are cordially invited to be present.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks have returned from Lakewood and Atlantic City. The Grange is looking lovely just now, the turf so fresh and green and the trees just coming into leaf.

Mrs. Sutton expects her sister shortly on a visit. Mrs. Granville Cunningham is expected from England next month on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Crooks. Miss Florence Brimson (Mile, Toronto) went again to New York this week. Mrs. Lownsbrough has removed from Walmer road to Surrey Villa, the fine old Irving Walker homestead, where she will reside for the future. Mrs. Jackes and Mrs. Heron have removed from St. Joseph street to No. 9 Admiral road. In the

BURNING BLEMISHES

You've felt the burning embarras-
agement time and again, when those
blemishes on your face attracted people's
attention.

You have often wished to have your
otherwise good features freed from such a
disfigurement, and consult us free. We have
remedies and treatments for every defect
or blemish of the Face, Hair, Hands, Feet
or Figure. Our methods are modern.
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"Health and Good Looks,"
Superior Hair, Moles, etc., perma-
nently destroyed by Electrolysis.

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heated term they will occupy an Island cottage. The Islanders are already bestirring themselves, and some of them are moving over earlier than usual this year, having rented their town houses to visitors in the city for the summer. Mrs. Eade Chadwick has brought over her wee baby on a visit to Grandmamma Kemp.

Mrs. J. Kerr Osborn is expected home

next week. Mr. and Mrs. H. Fuller of Woodstock are at the Queen's this week.

Mrs. Hendrie came down with a box party

from Hamilton to see Mansfield play

Cyrano, and occupied the Government

House box on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Grant Ridout held her post-nuptial

receptions on Thursday and Friday afternoons.

The bride is a handsome and bright young woman, winning friends by her charming cordiality and keeping them

by her many excellent qualities. Old

friends who have always held her in high

esteem are glad to welcome her and wish

her every happiness.

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The Chicago musicians are masters of

their art, and on their last visit their

audience was both large and

lovely.

We are introducing this

style again in Canada, and it has also found

favor with our patrons. The last two months

we have had many inquiries for the

"Favorite Princess and Paris Style of

Bangs," all orders, which indicates the

desire of changing the old "Pompadour."

The "Favorite Princess" style of Bangs, which is very popular now, is made beautifully light for

summer wear, and will save the ladies any

amount of trouble and inconvenience in

travelling or on the seashore.

The "Paris" style of Bangs are made

beautifully light for

summer wear, and will save the ladies any

amount of trouble and inconvenience in

travelling or on the seashore.

The "Fatima" style of Bangs are

made very light for

summer wear, and will save the ladies any

STORIES OF THE CANADIAN WEST.



THE GRIP OF THE BLIZZARD.

BY BLEASDELL CAMERON.

But it's O! for the sun-dog's glow!
And it's woe for the winding snow!
Brain afire.
And feet amire.
And a bunk in the bank below!

—The Jasper Trail.



OULD that you might catch the quaint felicity of his rugged speech, that you might see the shock of black hair against the tilted sombrero and the expression in the dark eyes of Jim Vue, as we rode one warm January afternoon at the feet of the eternal Rockies and he paused in the middle of a Crow song to catch my interrogatory remark, and then answered:

"Yes, blizzards off the mountains is bad, pure bad. Give 'em me from any other p'int out of which Old Boreas bellows; they ain't a circumstance."

"You should know, Jim, if anybody does," I ventured, insinuatingly, in anticipation of more to follow. Jim's repertoire of stirring reminiscence was great and available always on a slow prairie trail.

"Why, I believe you're about right," he returned, modestly. "I'll enlighten you concernin' what happens to me an' two others in the Cypress Hills, five winters ago. Which this tale concerns these two partners o' mine especial, an' I plays in luck; the same relatin' to one o' these devastatin' mountain blizzards, which swoops down an' wreaps us up no end, causin' these unfortunate gents to loose their holt on this life complete."

"This winter I mentions I puts in at Maple Creek. Christmas Eve there's a dance out to Fort Walsh which Sleighbox Shorty, McClay an' me allows we're surely due to take it in. Our hoses been' throwed free to rustle their feed on the prairie durin' the winter, we backs the game of a halfbreed who's long on ponies an' short on grub, for a ten-dollar ante to play his cayuse an' jumper for the trip. The distance is just thirty mile, an' this cayuse-an'-jumper outfit bein' narrow-gauge an' frivolous for adult parties an' the day likewise fine, we calculates a single man surdy loads the sled to the limit an' that each ride in turn an' lopes a whole lot. Moreover, clothes bein' cert'nly a burden an' unnecessary in the circumstances, by mutual agreement all hefty an' superfluous apparel is omitted from our layout, accordin'."

"We lined out from the Creek prompt after noon, an' the procession flows along like grease on a stove lid till we hits the Cypress Mountain, just come dusk. There's a railroad tie-camp at the foot o' the hill, an' we readily succumb to an invite to eat supper with them. It's clouded some, an' the wind's risin'. These railroad gents persuades us we'd best camp; which we thanks 'em kindly but allows we reckons to range through, havin' started, an' don't anticipate no zephyr puts twine on us to any amount. It's at this juncture this here blizzard I'm mentionin' swarms in amazin' an' calls the turn on us.

"We cuts loose from the tie camp an' p'nts out to surmount the hill. It's a mile up an' the wind don't get action on the procession to hurt through the pines that rides herd on the trail all the way. But when we touches the summit—woosh! It's a tossin' sea of blind, white, blazin', whoopin', whirrin', prickin', sanded, salty snow. The air bites like it's a wolf. It's that voracious it surely would crunch stones. An' us soaked with sweat, for we all walks the game of necessity.

"Shorty's still unconscious when we trudges back into the Fort. If anything brings him to it, it's this small Gazelle lady. Which she lays huggin' of him with her warm little person on the bunk where they drop him when they trails him in. She's ropin' of his neck with her brown arms an' beggin' him to speak to her, while she weeps gentle an' surpassin' sorrowful along. I surely stands to play her for a winner in this game against a full house o' medical sharps. But he never gets action with his tongue again, an' before morning he's out on to the big range an' p'ntin' for the heavenly gates. As the police surgeon sets it out, this devastatin' blizzard takes hold of his intellects an' freezes 'em up a whole lot, the said infringements being irreparable.

"Sho!" says Shorty (which this person has a gal at the Fort, workin' to the commandin' officers—a little halfbreed, by name the Cypress Gazelle). "Sho!" says this Sleighbox Shorty. "I certainly permits myself to be stamped by no such shifless things as elements," says he. "It's just a matter o' five mile across this triflin' plain to the Fort, an' I surely maintains I surges ahead to that extent, if I surges afoot an' alone." You see, this here Gazelle female's prettier a spotted pup. Shorty figures he weds her a whole lot in the Spring.

frigid as them almighty rocks."

I looked at the Rockies, to which he pointed. The sun had dipped behind them, and the naked and sombre peaks loomed cold and pitiless against the hard grey sky above the world of white stretching, league on league, away from their feet. A great star wheeled splashing oft over their grim tops and hung there, glittering. Just ahead, the lights of Trolling's stopping-place glowed ruddily, invitingly, in the growing dusk, beside the trail.

"What became of Shorty's girl, Jim?"

He turned toward me with a broad smile. "Which it surely amazes me a lot to discover you ignorant concernin' the details o' these domestic I makes. You sees my woman, don't you? That's her."

Then he shook his jingling bell spurs, his pony flattened his ears and broke into a gallop, and Jim finished his Crow song, trolling merrily.

"Enough said," says I. "All bets is off, an' we seizes on these blusterin' elements forthwith."

"We embark into the swirl, all loarin' to keep thawed out an' supple. We're reft off two miles, mebbe, when this Shorty gent ups an' announces he's plumb disgusted an' awearay an' concludes he takes a snooze. 'Just you trot along, boys. Don't you worry about me. I just drops down here out o' this tormented wind a minute an' I overhauls you before you makes the Fort,' says he. This perverse an' extraordinary play on the part of this Shorty man bein' calculated to alarm George an' me now. That it surely does.

"We grab him an' hustles him to his feet, an' we surely tries our best to shake some life into the pore de-luded chap, but it's no use. He ambles along between us for a ways an' then he mires down entire.

"It's no good, boys," says he. "I quits the game right here. Leave me, O leave me. I'm into it to the hubs. Let me rest. Go on to the Fort an' send out some o' the police, boys, if you like. Yes; send—." He's plumb dazed an' careless, an' he stops like that.

"We loads him into the rig, but the causey hasn't haul him through the snow that's come—can't hardly pull the sled.

"Jim, you crawl the pony an' go in," says McClay. "I stays by this invalid party an' stomps round. For God's sake lose no time arrivin' back. Shake up the causey for all that's in him."

"Shorty's asleep. Somethin's surely due to be done. So 'All right, George,' says I. 'But mind you don't draw your picket pin an' ramble from the environments of this sled.'

"We unhitches the pony an' lays this insensibl Shorty in his blanket on the trail, with the bottom o' the jumper turned up 'longside him to shift the wind. Then I clutches the causey an' sends him.

"This snow burns like shot, an' I swears to you I'm glad exceedin' when I looks down on Fort Walsh an' sees the lights from the dance hall flash through this smokin' tempest. We slides down the slope, an' as we hits the stockade this pore blowin' little jack-rabbit of a cayuse I'm ridin' flops into the snow, kicks once or twice an' coughs the small supply o' breath that's left him out into the atmosphere for good.

"Which it ain't takin' long for explanations, an' in ten minutes I'm humpin' back through the storm, top of a fresh Gover'ment hoss, with six troopers lined out behind an' a double rig in the trail. We fetches the jumper. George is not present. Which to the halloos I sends forth imme'iate, the only responses I pulls out o' the discordant melodies of this screechin' blizzard is coyote howls. We lifts Shorty into the rig an' it returns with him. I'm numbed to the marrow, but don't leave George; not yet. The troopers an' me surely combs the vicinity, trampin' round with lanterns an' kickin' in the snow. We don't uncover him. After an hour I'm unhooked complete an' abandons the game of necessity.

"Shorty's still unconscious when we trudges back into the Fort. If anything brings him to it, it's this small Gazelle lady. Which she lays huggin' of him with her warm little person on the bunk where they drop him when they trails him in. She's ropin' of his neck with her brown arms an' beggin' him to speak to her, while she weeps gentle an' surpassin' sorrowful along. I surely stands to play her for a winner in this game against a full house o' medical sharps. But he never gets action with his tongue again, an' before morning he's out on to the big range an' p'ntin' for the heavenly gates. As the police surgeon sets it out, this devastatin' blizzard takes hold of his intellects an' freezes 'em up a whole lot, the said infringements being irreparable.

"Does they find George? Which I agrees they doubtless does. They pitches on him just comin' day. A coulee chases along by the trail, a rope cast to the lee o' the jumper. This unhappy McClay is sittin' doubled up like a crawfish with his back against a bank o' snow in this depression, just below the prairie level an' out o' the ferocious gale. He drifts with the storm. His arms is folded across his breast with the hands pushed in the sleeves. His eyes is closed, an' you imagines he enjoys a sleep, exceptin' the speckless snow is not whiter than them tranquil features of his. An' he's rigid an'

frigid as them almighty rocks."

I looked at the Rockies, to which he pointed. The sun had dipped behind them, and the naked and sombre peaks loomed cold and pitiless against the hard grey sky above the world of white stretching, league on league, away from their feet. A great star wheeled splashing oft over their grim tops and hung there, glittering. Just ahead, the lights of Trolling's stopping-place glowed ruddily, invitingly, in the growing dusk, beside the trail.

"What became of Shorty's girl, Jim?"

ing on top of him from the landings above. On the balcony nearest the ground the tenant appeared at the window with a pistol, and while he was opening the window, George, remembering his college days, swung himself to the pavement.

Howls of "Thief!" "Murder!" "Fire!" "Help!" issued from the windows, and when George found he had jumped into the brawny embrage of a policeman it seemed quite natural and proper. At last the agonized screams of Mrs. George individualized themselves above the racket, and the cook of the family below informed her that "it was only a poor crazy man which is run in now by Mike Flannigan, me friend on the beat."

George got out next day, having sent home first for some clothes. But, as Mrs. George says, it's a great comfort to feel certain that the fire escape is all right.

A Section Foreman.
His Life One of Exposure and Much Hardship.

Rheumatism and Kindred Troubles the Frequent Result—One Who Has Been a Great Sufferer Speaks For the Benefit of Others.

From Boarding House to Flat.

OSAMOND and George moved from their boarding-house to their new flat, and although she was full of apprehension over the recent awful fires, they located at the top of the house, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. She'd seen that the fire escapes were all right, she thought, but the elation and worry attendant on getting into her first own home made her forget it. So it was in the night that she suddenly pinched her George's arm right on the muscle, where a pinch makes a man feel like striking out.

"George," said she, "what about fire?"

"Well, as you say, what about it?" Thus George, in the voice a man uses when he wants to strike out and can't.

"Did you examine them thoroughly when you decided on the suite?"

"The fires?"

"Don't be stupid! The fire escapes."

"Of course," he returned in the open tone of positiveness that proves a man is talkin' of something he is not at all clear about.

"Oh, George!" said she, for she understood the tone perfectly; "think of the Windsor!"

"What the deuce do you want to wake me up in the middle of the night to think of the Windsor for? Go to sleep!"

The answer he got to this was "Where is it?" in sepulchral tones. "The Windsor? Well, I will be—"

"If you say that word I shall leave the house this minute." Mrs. George sat up in bed and paused to give her husband time to say the forbidden word if he dared. He didn't dare, so she went on. "What I was asking, as you perfectly well know, was where is the fire escape?"

"It's out the kitchen window," he replied. "It's all right, an iron stairway, and there's a balcony at each landing. I remember perfectly."

"Did you try it?"

"Of course I didn't."

In reply she only spoke his name again, but it was with stirring emphasis. Still he was very tired, and the next thing he knew his wife was warily getting out of bed. Then he dreamed himself standing under a running water spout on a cold night. That was because his wife hadn't covered him up when she rose, and the draught from the kitchen window was something awful. He woke with a start and pursued her to the fire escape window.

"I am not going to have us all burned out in our beds," she declared, "and now is the time to test this escape, not when there is actually a fire. You needn't say a word: I know I am right." With that she drew her bath robe about her and began to climb out on the dark balcony.

"If either of us," broke in the husky, "is going to be an idiot and go down that escape in the middle of a cold April night, it's got to be me."

"I think myself it would be more fitting," said Mrs. George with dignity, and drew back.

"How far do you want me to go—remember I haven't got any socks on inside my slippers?"

"I should go to the bottom," she said, firmly.

He started. Three steps from the balcony below he slipped into a box of chives, and continuing to the balcony with the box on his foot, he there kicked three bottles of beer to the back yard below. The box of chives following, he skated into a collection of ferns on the next landing. Yells now arose, likewise windows. George's yell didn't arise, because he was trying to be as quiet as he could be. He saz through the lid of a five-pound box of butter three balconies down, and enveloped himself with a string of drying dish-towels. Meantime an avalanche of dislodged articles kept fall-

These pills cure not by purging the system, as do ordinary medicines, but by enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves. They cure rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, heart troubles, erysipelas and all forms of weakness. Ladies will find them an unrivaled medicine for all ailments peculiar to the sex, restoring health and vigor, and bringing a rosy glow to pale and sallow cheeks. There is no other medicine "just as good."

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THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mrs. Montreal.

The Newspaper and the Public

Richard Watson Gilder in the Outlook.

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What a difference there is between the appearance of a robust, vigorous, trained athlete and that of a pale, weak, emaciated consumptive!

That difference is exactly the difference between health and disease—between a stalwart, healthy man and a wretched, suffering dyspeptic, for instance.

What sane person, seeing two such individuals together, would choose the lot of the dyspeptic?

What dyspeptic, knowing that a prompt, perfect and permanent cure can be obtained at the least possible expense, would choose to remain sick and miserable?

The universal popularity of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets is due to their relli-

ability, the promptness of their effect, the simplicity of their action, the thoroughness and permanence of their cure and their low price.

People know when they buy Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets that they can confidently rely upon them to do what is claimed for them; they know that they will do their work quickly; that they cure Dyspepsia by removing its cause; that their good effect is lasting, and that they would be cheap at four times their price.

Dodd's double treatment for the stomach and the bowels insures perfect health through the natural working of the digestive system. The small brown Tablets that go with each box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets stimulate the Liver and the Bowels, curing biliousness and constipation, and keeping the system in a state of perfect cleanliness.

The blood cannot be thin nor weak, impure nor sluggish, when Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are used.

only a part of German erudition. But most Englishmen still hold with grandpa, and it is decidedly more agreeable to spend a holiday at football than to pore over grammars.

One advantage of holidays out of town is that you develop your resources of conversation. Who does not yearn to escape from the monotonous round of topics to which he is confined by his daily toil? In the country there is a fresh stimulus to ideas, especially when your hostess has the forethought to banish threadbare subjects from the table. This is done by an admirable device which ought to be widely adopted. Having edited the menu for dinner, the hostess applies her mind to the much more serious question of spiritual nourishment. What shall the company say? The point is not to prescribe any special topic, but to eliminate whatever may be stale or dangerous. So, when you are dressing, a servant brings you a neat little perfumed note, in which you read, "You are requested not to talk about the influenza or the crisis in the Church this evening." This is rather hard if you have been in the habit of expounding a delicate point of ritual between the soup and the salad, or of enlivening the fish by explaining that quinine (neat or ammoniated) makes a capital liqueur, to say nothing of a safeguard against the infection which is so rife at promiscuous dinner-parties. Personally I am indebted to the influenza for a certain degree of celebrity. You don't know what fame is till you have been introduced in a drawing-room before a convalescent dinner as "the man who has never had the flu."

Women smile upon you with tender solicitude, and murmur prescriptions. Would any of these charming creatures feel a pang if they knew that you were stricken by the fell disease? They would not; but they would cheerfully form a committee of nurses to discuss their own historical symptoms at your bedside.

structor, and told the man as much one afternoon. I broke it to him gently, of course, but I let him see I knew he wasn't in my class. The poor fellow was all broken up, and I felt so sorry for him that I said we'd put on the gloves anyway for one last go. It was then that the extraordinary cosmic phenomena I mentioned took place. I had just put up my hands and was getting ready to show him a trick or two when the world seemed to bump into something hard and jarred me clean off my feet. At the same time it ran into a rain of meteors that made the most brilliant pyrotechnic display I have ever witnessed. Somehow it didn't seem to affect the professor much, for when I recovered from my surprise, he was bathing my head and murmuring something to the effect that he "guessed the young guy wouldn't be so gay now for one while." I have decided to keep him on until the cosmogony gets a little more settled."

Answers.

The Outlook.

I saw the painted words go by, And wonder'd what great good could lie Beneath that dreadful pageantry.

What lamp of excellent brimming light Hath kept the immemorial night, And watches on, 'In Time's despite?

What soul of saving sweetness lends The affable touch to things, and blends That which begins and that which ends?

And one, whose look shone kindness, ran And fetch'd his sheaf of charts—the plan Mark'd out, he said, by God for Man.

"Look thou! Thus far, and thus, the clear Seas sparkle; thou mayst pray, and steer Thy craft with knowledge here, and here:

"But by the vasty marges loom God's well-set darknesses; the womb Bears not the man that skill's this gloom."

Another, wisely, "We are sure Of consciousness and some small store Of facts, as 'two and two make four.'

"So nerv'd and lamp'd, may Reason spell The systems out, and learn to tell The purport of the inmost cell;

"But, ever as she goes, she sees In new and old simplicities The old, invincible mysteries."

John Ottwell.

The Return of the Mitten**Kept Him Another Term.**

STANGE the papers didn't say anything about the great seismic disturbance and shower of meteors the other day," remarked Walter Scott Hobart at the club one afternoon recently; "it came off while I was down at my place at San Mateo. You know I have been taking boxing lessons for some months to reduce flesh, and it has worked like a charm. It's good sport, too, and, though I say it myself, I'm pretty clever with the gloves now. Had an instructor come down three times a week, and we had some rattling bouts, I can tell you. But it got to be rather slow after a while. The man had taught me about all he knew. I was up to all his tricks, and he simply couldn't touch me. I saw I'd have to get a more scientific in-

Gentlemen use it after shaving. "What has been a disagreeable operation, via, shaving, has become a pleasure with its use. It does away with that burning, irritated sensation, and leaves the skin soft and smooth. It is a great tonic in every way. Its very nature makes it a skin tonic, healthful and invigorating. Try it. At all drug-gists—25c, or direct from

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appearing, after a transformation process, quaintly pretty and helpless.

Which?

MAMMA, I just saw Uncle Charles riding up the avenue.

"On his new horse?"

"No, he was in a victoria."

"You should say he was driving, my dear, if he was in a carriage."

"But he wasn't driving. The coachman was driving."

"All the same, darling, you should say he was driving. It is an English custom."

"Could I say Uncle Charles and his coachman were there and Uncle Charles was driving?"

"No, you needn't say who drove. Others will know what you mean."

THE NEXT DAY.

"Oh, papa, I saw you driving today."

"I think not, Bessie."

"Yes, in an omnibus."

"But I was not driving. I was simply riding in the omnibus."

"Mamma says we drive, unless we are on horseback or holding the reins ourselves."

"Does she? Well—er—that's all right."

"Then you were driving in the omnibus."

"Well, no; not exactly. One shouldn't say that."

"But we ought to tell the truth."

"Yes, of course; but—I am busy now."

—Life.

IS YOUR DAUGHTER IN SCHOOL?

There are thousands of sickly school girls dragging their way through school who might be enjoying the full vigor of their youth by taking Scott's Emulsion.

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—Shakespeare.

Every night, in more than one hundred theaters in the United States and Europe, the American Biograph is reproducing its marvelous picture, the New York Central's "Empire State Express," running at sixty miles an hour, and other illustrations of the beautiful scenery along this great line.

At the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, W. H. Crane is delighting the audiences with the account of his first railroad trip, New York to Utica, via "America's Greatest Railroad." No line in the world secures so much free advertising as the New York Central, simply because it forms an important link in the journey round the world, being the only trunk line whose trains start from the city of New York, the second city of the world, and whose through cars reach all the important commercial centers of the continent, and furnish a service for the traveling public that is unapproached by any other line.—From *Troy Press*, December 23, 1898.

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For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teeth are being disturbed at night and broken or cut off by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, which relieves toothache. It softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole body. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. It is used by all physicians throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
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VOL. 12] TORONTO, MAY 6, 1899. [No. 25



THE production of *Cyrano de Bergerac* was a fine finale to a checkered season of good, bad and indifferent entertainments at the Grand Opera House, and satisfied the highest expectations of the most critical. The car-loads of scenery were set up in ravishing and picturesquely beautiful array, the various roles were intelligently handled by the great host of players, and Cyrano himself gave no evidence of the long and hard season's work he is completing: Mr. Mansfield was as smartly epigrammatic in tone and gesture as he had to be in speech, and held his vast audiences rapt as he ranted, moralized, jibed, dared and wooed with the facility and the recklessness of the Gascon cadet. To be perfectly frank, I have hitherto undervalued Mr. Mansfield; each new role I have happened to see him in has deepened Mansfield-phobia in me, but Cyrano converted me—in quick order. The character of the Gascon, the wit, the depth, the courage, the

knowledge and the determination, are each in turn so strong and so estimable. The artistic excellence grows to the climax in the death scene. The fewer people who dilute one's attention when Cyrano is on the stage, the better; one needs it pure and strong to follow him. As for Roxane, she was beautiful, graceful and daring in her wilful way. The expedient by which she bamboozles the priest into marrying her to her lover, her mischievously triumphant account of her wiles and their effect in securing her a safe passage through the enemy's lines, when she visits her husband, her gradual intellectual appreciation of mind above matter, and her sad utterance when she finds how fat and Cyrano have fought her with her own weapons and foiled her all through, kept the audience interested and admiring to the end.

The story of Cyrano and his nose, his wit, his daring and his self-abnegation

is household words among us. This week we have seen the thing portrayed, and realized how much has been added to the play we had studied and liked, by the voice and the figure and the action of the hero. The loud, swaggering, gaudy swordsman more repelled than attracted at first; but as his life-story went on, his secret love, his overlooked excellencies, his mortification, his supreme loyalty as he listened to Roxane's frenzied grief, steadily adding his "Yes,

"And you say the idiot of a teacher told you that you had an extravagant fool of a father?" "That's what he meant." "But what did he say?" "He said it was criminal folly to waste money on the education of such a chump as I am."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Roxane!" to her praises of her dead husband's fancied gifts of mind and expression; as his temper soured and his quarrels increased under the long strain of denial and emotional famine, then, as he gallantly flouted death and slashed here and there at the foes of his fancy, Roxane half-hiding from him, his friends standing aside, the little, lonely man was everyone's hero, for whose sorrows and pathetic life women sighed and all lamented.

Mr. Mansfield, apart from histrionic gifts, is a superb stage manager. His people move intelligently and group themselves perfectly; in the duel scene, the crowd is a real intervening crowd, not a fringe as a background; one only gets glimpses of the fray. I saw a parody of *Cyrano de Bergerac* last fall at Weber & Field's. I could not laugh much at it. The play is so quaint, grotesque and high-strung that there is not good material in it for a parody. One could not out-swagger the Gascon cadet's swagger, nor out-rant Cyrano's speeches. No comic aspect would be more fetching than the futile and hasty efforts of the ragged cadets to spruce up and be presented by their sounding old titles to the reckless, merry Roxane, on her visit to the camp. There are, doubtless, persons to whom *Cyrano de Bergerac* does not appeal. We know what he would say of them. That knowledge reconciles one to them; they are useful pegs upon which funny thoughts hang. With an airy wave of the hand and a snort he would dismiss them. Mr. Mansfield, being dead, refused to make a speech, in spite of the whistles and cat-calls of the gods, for which thinking souls were grateful to him. He came unwillingly for one brief instant before the curtain—minus his enormous nose—and bowed low in silence when every thing was done and the last act over. He has given Toronto theater-goers a rich treat, and one for which long anticipation had developed a fine hunger. Never has a play been read here so freely in advance, owing mainly to the fact that a Toronto woman was the first Roxane and a Toronto publisher brought out the book of the play especially in her honor; and while it seems that Miss Katherine Grey perfectly filled the role of the *précieuse*, let us hope that some day we may see our own Margaret Anglin in it. The audiences on each night were large and brilliant and swelled by parties from adjacent cities.

Miss Alma Chester, a Toronto girl, is the star in the play at the Toronto Opera House this week, and is being well received, considering the fact that the nights are now growing warm for theater-going. *Hermine* is a play of much interest, and the novelty of introducing specialties between the acts pleases the audiences.

The Two Orphans is presented at the Princess Theater this week as the closing performance of the season. The most interesting fact in connection with the play, to the patrons of the Princess, is the return of Miss Helen Byron, who was so great a favorite last year.

Numerically Correct.

The fair Emporia Brown is 1. And quickly 2 the church she lies. WI 3 son for the hasty act. Be 4 her ardent lover's eyes: If 5 to meet your irate pa, I fear 'will make me fit,' said he. Unless this 7 ly plan of yours Should culmin' sus-piciously. Oh, Fate, be but in this 9, 10 nothing more from thee!"

—The Czar.

Mr. Evarts and Artist Chase.

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS, once Attorney-General of the United States, Secretary of State, and United States Senator from New York, has been living in his home in New York City, in close retirement, for the past six years. Many times it was reported that he had lost his mind, and again that he was at death's door from physical ailments.

Neither is the case. Though far from being well, his mind is clear and active and his old-fashioned home, now in the heart of business in the bustling East Side, is visited almost daily by some of the most distinguished men and women of the nation, who find the old lawyer mentally as alert as ever, and physically as well as his years permit.

William M. Chase, N.A., the painter, who is a personal friend of Mr. Evart, relates many anecdotes of the veteran statesman. He painted the portrait of Mr. Evarts which now hangs in the State Department in Washington.

Mr. Evarts, in many respects, was a difficult subject to paint. He was not restless, but he was painfully thoughtful. One morning he interrupted the painter: "Mr. Chase, I understand that you are a famous marksman—that you can split playing-cards, print your name with bullet-marks and do all manner of feats. This great skill," went on Mr. Evarts, "must give you wonderful confidence among your fellowmen. It should make you quarrelsome. Very few men would have the hardihood to challenge you to fight a duel."

"You're wrong, Mr. Evarts," broke in the artist warmly. "I never would challenge a man to fight a duel unless he were as good a marksman as I am."

"Ah!" said Evarts, with a dry smile, "I can read the future. I shall pick up my paper some morning and see this: 'Mr. W. M. Chase, the artist, and Mr. Jones, the sculptor, met yesterday upon the field of honor in Hoboken. At the command to fire, both men pulled their triggers and the bullets met in mid-air.'"

"And you say the idiot of a teacher told you that you had an extravagant fool of a father?" "That's what he meant." "But what did he say?" "He said it was criminal folly to waste money on the education of such a chump as I am."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SPORTING COMMENT



AST year when the manager of the Toronto Street Railway Company was interviewed by an alderman about watering the track allowances, he stated that the watering was done

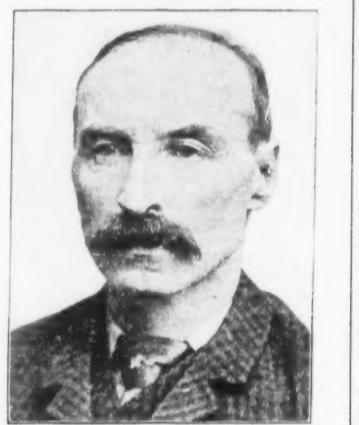
at hours of the day provided for by an arrangement with the city engineer, and that if the wheelmen of the city had a grievance they should carry it to that official of the city. The electric sprinklers could, he said, be run at whatever hours the City Engineer preferred. It appears that nothing was done about it, and the twenty-five thousand bicyclists of Toronto usually find all the leading streets of the city flooded with water at six o'clock, when most of them are going home. The greatest activity in street watering is shown before 9 a.m. and after 5 p.m. It would surely do the streets as much good and the wheelmen less harm if the watering were done at 6, 9 and 11 a.m. and 2, 4 and 7 p.m., instead of at the present hours. Just now the electric sprinklers rush east, west and north just about five minutes ahead of the great rush of wheels moving to and from the center of the city, night and morning. Bicycle riders are of the opinion that this is planned for their

discomfort. These Tsiganes are good musicians, but a perfect nuisance. My customers complained so vehemently of the way they passed around the plate, ogling the ladies and staring some out of countenance, casting languishing smiles here and there, trying to make conquests *a la Rigo*, that I was obliged to put a stop to the whole thing."

The Escape of Pare and Holden.

THE Napane bank robbery was from the first the most sensational and interesting case of the kind that has occurred in Canada for many years.

Although SATURDAY NIGHT avoids sensationalism it has from the first, in regard to this case, thrown itself actively into the thick of the affair, while giving no heed whatever to other robberies and to those graver crimes which are reported at such length in the daily newspapers. The reason of this was that the Napane case involved some important principles which seemed to call for careful consideration. We have an excellent judicial system and one capable of adjusting itself, without the assistance of this or any other newspaper, to circumstances as they arise, but it must not be forgotten that when SATURDAY NIGHT began its criticisms of this case the Crown was a mere spectator, while the Dominion Bank, through Pinkerton detectives, handled the case to suit its own interests. That Pinkerton detectives should come into this country and forestall the officers



Pare.

of the Crown in a Crown case, was against public policy and demanded a protest, and the whole history of the case from that day to this has justified the protest we then made. Blame the people of Napane as you may for their vociferous confidence in W. H. Ponton when his interests were safely in the hands of judge and jury, but the fact stands that it was the Pinkerton men and the methods they employed that overthrew public confidence and caused regrettable demonstrations, that finally made two of the greatest criminals in America the darlings of the prosecution, while one man of fair character and another of excellent character were set upon as being the most dangerous of living men. Stranger bed-fellows Justice never had than Pare and Holden, present address unknown.

The sensational features of the case were all put into shadow when on Monday morning it was learned that Pare and Holden had escaped from the jail at Napane. It appears that Pare picked his locks and wrenched off a sixth in freeing himself and Holden and getting into the jail yard. Here cordwood was convenient and afforded a means of gaining the top



Holden.

of the wall. Two blankets, tied together, made a rope that let them down on the outside. In the morning they were gone, with probably several hours start.

The prosecution contended that Pare could not have robbed the bank without inside assistance, and now that he has walked through six locks there are those who say that he must have had outside assistance. When will "Mr. Pare-e's" professional ability be recognized at its true worth? Usually a man's ability is recognized when he is "gone," and "Mr. Pare-e," who never was Mastered so much in his whole life as during the trial at Napane last November, is gone. Of course Pare had wire to make the skeleton keys with, but it must not be forgotten that when it was necessary for him to produce keys once before to buttress his evidence, he found them in the floor of his cell. At the trial last fall it came out in evidence that detectives in experi-

mental frames of mind had supplied him with wire to make keys, which were exhibited to the court and examined with deep interest.

Apparently it occurred to nobody that this prisoner, who was treated with so much deference, had any other intention but to give his evidence and then take holy orders and expiate his early follies. Keys are little things, wire is humble material, months are long, and prisoners who have special privileges may find special opportunities. The people in the jail may well have failed to value Pare at his dangerous worth, for they had the example of abler and shrewder men who seem to have been completely taken in by his desire to make a full confession, and by the strong enmity that seemed to exist between these two old-time partners in crime.

The question is not only how did Pare escape, but why? The Crown prosecutor announced at the last trial that Pare would be allowed to go unpunished because of turning Queen's evidence. Why, therefore, should he break jail and become a hunted man? Those who think that his story was cooked up to save his own hide, answer that he feared exposure at the forthcoming trial. In addition, however, to this possible danger, there were no doubt other considerations. His old partner was in the toils, and naturally he wished to get him out. But more powerful than that, perhaps, was his professional pride. He humbled his pride repeatedly while in the box at Napane by declaring things to be impossible which he knew to be simple enough. To live all winter in that jail and then walk out with his partner in tow as soon as the nice weather arrived; to take pains to leave behind the simple bits of wire used by him in escaping—thus would he show simple folk how great a master he was of his business. To beat the law against which he has made war for twenty years is the purpose to which he devotes mind, hand and tongue as occasion needs.

Before going, Pare would ask himself how it would work out. Having escaped before, and eluded capture for ten years, he would be confident of success if once he got away. He would also figure that if recaptured he could knock the Crown sky-high by swearing that his previous evidence was all bosh; or knock the defence sky-high by swearing that he had been assisted to escape by being supplied with a file and bits of wire. In either case he would establish his professional standing, and strange as it may appear to honest men, there is abundant testimony to show that there is no expert in the world vainer of his craftsmanship than the skilled burglar. He would consider his chances of remaining free, one hundred to one, while, if caught again, he would expect to be still master of the situation. But he has lost

His escape has filled both Crown and defence with consternation. Nobody can say what turn affairs will now take, but W. H. Ponton will probably have another year with this thing hanging over him. And somewhere two men with seamy faces and some sense of humor, are indulging in coarse laughter as they gloat over a long series of circumstances.

Talking to and of People.

The following is a selected conversation from a Double Thread by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, whose previous book, *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, found so many admirers. Published by William Briggs, Toronto.]

AT that moment Lady Silverhampton came up and joined them. "You can't play or sing or anything, can you, Captain Le Mesurier? Because, if you can, I shall have to ask you to do so."

"No; I cannot perform any parlor tricks, I regret to say."

"What a comfort!" exclaimed his hostess, sinking on to a sofa. "I can't bear having people here who can do things; because then they are always wanting to do them, and that is so tiresome for everybody else. Besides, I think it is so common-place to be accomplished, that it is tiresome."

"It is tiresome for everybody else."

"How tiresome of her!" said Elfrida. "I don't think I could ever get on with a mother-in-law, so I have made up my mind to have none, but to be an orphan-in-law."

"But sisters-in-law are a million times worse, because it takes a woman of one's own age to find one out. I really wouldn't have married Silverhampton if he'd had sisters, because they'd have seen through all my little dodges, which the Dowager, I am thankful to say, never did. And, then, think of a woman with Silverhampton's nose! She would have been unbearable. Oh! I am very thankful that he never had any sisters."

"But it must be nice to have a sister of one's own," remarked Jack.

"It is; no household should be without one. Sisters and brothers are the only people who can tell the truth to each other without making enemies, and they are the only friends who can exist without flattery."

"If I had a husband I shouldn't flatter him," said Elfrida.

"Then, my dear, he'd beat you, and with my full approval. A woman who won't flatter is like a piano that won't play. It may be an imposing piece of furniture, but it isn't a piano. Now, take Sophia Lumley; she prides herself—positively prides herself—on never saying pretty things to people. She might just as well pride herself—as so many people

seem to do—on not being able to take cream, or exercise. Why on earth should people pride themselves on their infirmities? They ought rather to be ashamed of them, I should say. Yet I've seen people bridle with conceit when they said they must have milk and not cream in their tea. Haven't you?"

"Often," agreed Elfrida; "as if it were a sign of excessive refinement."

"I know; and they are just as proud of not being able to say nice things as they are of not being able to take nice things, and where the virtue of it all lies, goodness only knows! What there is to be proud of in being spiteful and bilious I cannot imagine; but these qualities seem to inflate their possessors. Only the other day Sophia Lumley went out of my way to tell me that I looked quite my age; and seemed as pleased with herself for doing so as if she had just said grace instead of insulting me."

"How exactly like her," said Elfrida sympathetically. "She told me the other day that if I heard what people said of me behind my back—I instead of only what they said before my face—I should find out that I had fewer friends than I imagined."

"What a disagreeable person Sophia Lumley must be!" exclaimed Jack.

"But the sickening part of it is," his hostess continued, "that she counts all this to herself for righteousness, and positively pats and strokes her conscience the whole time. If she only knew how horrid she is, I could bear it; but when she mistakes her villainy for virtue it makes me feel positively ill."

"I wonder how old she is herself?" Elfrida remarked. "She must be at least forty."

"And the rest," cried Lady Silverhampton. "The other day she told me with pride that somebody had guessed her age to be thirty-nine; and things are pretty bad with a woman when she is flattered at being taken for thirty-nine."

Captain Le Mesurier smiled. "Then she is old enough to know better than to go on in this way."

"Oh! she'll never know any better, not when she is ninety-nine. She is regularly disagreeable, and always will be. I'd rather play the piano than behave as Sophia Lumley does, for I think it is even better to be accomplished than to be spiteful."

"I wouldn't go as far as that," said Elfrida cautiously.

"I would. Why, my dear, I would sooner sing hymns to a concertina than say nasty things to people; it would make one less unpopular in the long run."

"How about saying nasty things of people?" suggested Jack.

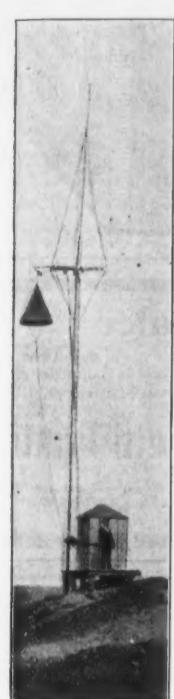
"Oh! that's quite different. As long as people are civil to me to my face, I don't care what they say behind my back; our faces are our own but our backs are our neighbors'. We are all like cottages with neat little gardens in front and dirty linen hanging out to dry in the back-yard; and it is our own fault if we poke our heads out of our back windows and hear what our neighbors are saying about us there."

"But people, such as Miss Lumley, appear to open your back windows for you," Jack said.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

FORECASTING THE WEATHER.

Some Interesting Information About Old Pros.



Storm Signal, Kincardine.

THE ever present weather! Like the poor always with us; not, like the poor, to be always relied upon; the most discussed, turned-over topic extant; wielding its influence daily upon commerce, causing the heart to sing, and the green hills to skip as young lambs, or necessitating a mackintosh while the sombre hills huddle their crests like vagrant beings. I have the word of a very erudite and very first-class tobacconist that a cold spell between seasons costs his business fifty dollars a week. It is too cold to smoke. Men who would have dropped in to buy cigars walk briskly away, to the great detriment of the tobacconist. Any one who has been a shoe-shiner knows the lamentable blanks in the cash-register scroll caused by a "nawsty" day. The banker will tell you the effect of the first snow-fall on business. People will not pay their debts on a dark, lowering day. The joyous scratch of receiving pens is heard when the sun sparkles. The policeman walks, hands crossed behind, on bright days; he becomes alert on dismal ones, for then crime stalks. It would be interesting to learn the influence possessed by the weather on other walks of life besides that of the policeman. In Christendom, bitter feminine enemies smile to agree on one point—the day is fine. We are told in one heathen country a casual acquaintance enquires after the state of his heathen friend's stomach, but in reality it is the effect of the weather on the stomach that is the query.

So overwhelming is the importance of the weather, primarily for the next thirty-six hours, that it may be said man gets up in the morning and reads "the Pros," which leads us to our subject, what is "the Pros?" Is an airy missive dropped, letter-headed "Mars," between sunrise and sunset, reaching the daily papers through some sublime Associated Press? The modern child will not believe that: a woman will crook her little finger and say it is done by means of "instruments;" the acme of ignorance is reached if the old inhabitant is questioned. He who knows all about the weather, knows nothing about it.

We are told that the Hon. the Minister of the Interior decided, in a Canadian map published for the United States, that there was no Ottawa. Had he done the same with Toronto there would be no weather in Canada, for Toronto is the head center, or controlling station, of our weather. The Anglo-American spirit seems, having served its purpose, to be laid, but atmospherically Toronto is daily in direct communication with Washington.

The method of arriving at the probable weather for the ensuing day is more or less complex, and is the special study of the weather forecaster, who by means of the telegraph "compares notes," or rather exchanges observations, daily, and with this knowledge and his special training is able to forecast the probable weather.

For the purpose of the weather man the whole of Canada and the United States is divided into one hundred stations, from each of which are transmitted daily two messages, at 10 a.m. and 10 p.m. sharp, standard time.

These messages are sent in code under the following heads:

1. Name of station.
2. Pressure and temperature.
3. Precipitation.
4. Direction of wind, state of weather and wet thermometer.
5. Current, wind velocity and minimum (maximum) temperature.
6. Frosts, etc.
7. Thunder storms.
8. Fog, haze or smoke.

As these despatches are each sent at a certain hour, it takes just about one and a half hours until Toronto is in receipt of the one hundred, more or less, messages, containing weather observations from all over America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in the same time Washington and the other centers obtain like information.

Thus the Toronto operator receives returns from fifteen or twenty places in Canada; he immediately forwards a copy to Washington. The Washington operator does the same when twenty or thirty messages are received. When Chicago gets a batch of forty or fifty, a copy is forwarded to Washington and another of the same to Toronto, so these winged facts are always traveling in circuit until they reach their head centers, either at Washington or Toronto. Even far-away Bermuda sends its messages twice daily.

It now remains for the map man to turn these observations into his chart and make his study for the next thirty-six



Signal Mast, Halifax Citadel.

hours, and the value of the result will depend, first on the accuracy of the observations, and on his own skill and experience.

The meteorological system of Canada is under the control of the Dominion Government, the total grant yearly being \$65,000, which is always inadequate. The United States spends \$1,000,000 for its service.

There can be no doubt as to the value of weather forecasting. For the month of February, 1899, 85.5 per cent. of forecasts was correct, though it goes as low as 70 per cent.

The office receives in the neighborhood of thirty enquiries a day, and a well known Toronto brewer stated that



Observatory, Prince Albert.

receiving \$1,000 per annum less than the chief clerk of the civil service at Ottawa, and \$2,000 less than the corresponding official in the United States.

Following is a series of questions asked the weather office here:

"Will it be mild enough during the next few days to bring a carload of potatoes from Chicago to Montreal?"

"Will it be too warm during the next few days to kill and ship meat?"

"Will the next three days be mild enough to bring shell oysters from Baltimore?"

The following wire is amongst others:



Quebec Observatory, Plains of Abraham.

9. Upper or lower clouds, etc.

The following is a sample of an observation taken in Toronto recently and written in code:

"Toronto tureen lushburg sacrum essence weeping currency charado."

This cypher is translated at sight by despatchers and map men, who scrutinize it with the utmost care. Extended, the above eight words amount to some thirty-four, and the message informs the station for which it is destined that at Toronto the barometer reads 90°, temperature 74°, "lushburg" says one-tenth of an inch of rain has fallen, weather fair, north-west wind, wet bulb reading 70°, and so with the other words.

"Will sharp frost keep off for next few days? Want to lay an asphalt road."

Owners of skating-rinks wish to know if they may flood their premises, and as far as he is able the weatherman answers. It may be said in conclusion that if there is one individual for whom the trained weather forecaster has deep contempt, "the score of an open scorn," it is for him who gazes, wise-eyed, at the sun, or the moon, or the clouds, or the horizon—and predicts the weather.

The map is a sheet larger than a page of SATURDAY NIGHT, on which names of stations are dotted, and a space enclosed by a circle larger than a capital O, in which the code translation is entered.

So that spread before him the forecaster sees each station in its geographical relation, accompanied by statistics showing the state of the weather at such place, his horizon stretching north to the North Saskatchewan, south to the Gulf of Mexico, west to the Pacific and east to the Atlantic Oceans. He then draws his lines or curves to every tenth of an inch of pressure as indicated by the barometer, and by this means the exact positions of the high and low pressure areas are at once shown. The winds blow out of the high pressure areas circling as the hands of a watch, and into the low areas circling opposite to watch hands. All winds are deflected to the right, caused by the rotation of the earth on its axis. On land the deflection is at an angle of about forty-five degrees; on water, where friction is not so great, the deflection is less.

It may interest cyclers especially to know that the atmosphere, like water, is always striving to arrive at a state of equilibrium, the more the amount of difference between the high and low pressure areas, the greater the force, as Shelley might say, of what mortals call the wind. The forecaster estimates that a difference of one-tenth of an inch in pressure in sixty miles will cause a moderate gale. As the storm advances from the westward

Tales of Wayside Inns.
The Retiring of the Hostler from Public Life.

HE services of the hostler at the Royal had been dispensed with that morning, partly because he couldn't manage horses, mainly because he had been drunk for a week. He

was now living "quiet and as a guest" of the house. His idea of the quietness of private life differed from that ordinarily entertained. He was seated in the public sitting-room playing a piano duet on the table with another quietly disposed gentleman who occupied half his chair. Both added the full strength of their voices to the harmony of the occasion, though neither felt bound to stick to any one air. As for words, they were indistinguishable.

"You don't seem to be letting dull care cut much of a figure," I remarked when they had brought the composition to a triumphant close. Being somewhat crowded for room, during a complicated piano passage, they had overbalanced the chair.

"That's part of our business," said the erstwhile hostler. "Our only trouble is from outside interference."

"Awl kinds o' people," he remarked presently, as he jabb'd a poker the size of a crow-bar down the throat of the self-feeder, "awl kinds o' people, good, bad and indifferent, and most on 'em 'round here's worse'n that."

The gentleman spoke with that peculiar broadening of the vowels "o" and "i" generally noticeable in individuals of sporting inclination or Yankee propensity. He also employed a thick huskiness of voice that might have come from a cold on his chest, or much singing in a high key. It might also, with more probability, have come from much drinking.

"Awl kinds o' stoves," said he, slaming the ornamental top on the self-feeder, "awl kinds o' black poker."

These words, though advanced with greatest candor, were so lacking in inference as to incline one to thinking it was unlikely that a cold on his chest had much to do with his aforementioned huskiness.

"Awl kinds o' stoves!" While you're pokin' one, another's goin' out. That's what the missus calls neglecting your dooty."

The hostler shook the poker over the head of his collaborator in the late har- monious effects.

"Awl kinds o' people," said he, "good, bad and indifferent. Awl kinds o' sweepin' up in the mornin'. Awl kinds o' horses to tackle before breakfast. Say, I ain't been in the hotel business very long, but I claim there's two things about this hotel I kin handle—that there's socal-scuttle and that there horse out in the stable. I'm too many for 'em. I bust the handle of the socal-scuttle yest' day, and the horse—you should just see me handle that horse. Kicked me in the stomach last week. Stallion he is, one of those fellows as lays back his ears and runs up and eats you. Box stall, but the sides ain't higher'n your head. I stand on a barrel and wallop him over the fence every mornin' with a pitch fork. We're gettin' to understand one another fine now. Whenever you hear a noise like a horse eatin' up a stable you'll know I'm doin' me chores out in the barn. I ain't got so far as to feed him yet—the boss has to do that—but I water him. I threw four pails on him yest' day. I'm studyin' that horse at long range, and when I've got him broke in so he don't kick people in the stomach I'll get the boss to let me take him down to the Toronto Exhibition. That'll be quite a treat for him, besides showin' him we're trainin' him on scientific principles."

The hostler paused to take a chew of tobacco.

"The boss says the horse ain't lookin' well. He's always frisky when I see him. But, then, (with a sigh) what do I know about a horse? I went wipin' when I was thirteen, then I was riz to firin' and then to drivin', and I ain't been off an engine for

more'n two sober days since till a month ago. I never had a chanct to study the points of a horse. I knew the difference 'twixt a horse and a cow when I killed one on the track, but that's all. So mebbe this horse ain't lookin' as strong as he should—I dunno."

The hostler pushed his hat back on his head and laid down his poker.

"Think I'll go and see if I kin work the missus for a drink," said he.

The swing door leading from the sitting-room to the bar was only half a door. It didn't come within a quarter of the bottom nor a quarter of the top. Consequently conversation taking place in the bar-room could be overheard in the sitting-room.

The voice of the missus sounded firm:

"I wouldn't give you another drop to-night," said she, "not if your tongue was hanging."

"Mrs. Kribbs, Mrs. Kribbs," came the hostler's voice in tones of husky reproach, "you'll be sorry for them words when I'm gone. I'm a delicate nature. (He had a face as red as a brick.) I can't stand hardship."

"It's a pity about you," said the missus.

"Now, just let me ask you one question, Mrs. Kribbs. What have I always said about you? Even when I was hostler, before I started to live private, what did I say? Didn't I say you was the only woman in this world I'd marry if you was single? Didn't I? 'Course I did. And you to turn right 'round and go back on me!"

"If you'd behave yourself I'd never have a word to say against you," said the missus.

"Don't I behave myself?" exclaimed the hostler indignantly.

"Did'n't look like it yesterday afternoon."

"Why didn't it?"

"Didn't you go upstairs after dinner at twelve o'clock and lie down on your clean, white bed with your clothes on—I and such a position, with your feet up in the air against the head of the bed and the pillows all mussed up. It nearly scared the girls to death when they saw you. And then to go and throw the water-pitcher down the back stairs, and them scrubbed only this very day. It did belong in your room, and a nice blue pattern jug, too."

"Well, I hollered out what was doin' there," said the hostler, "an' nobody'd answer."

"What do you suppose it was doin' there?"

"The water in it was dirty," said the hostler.

"That's no reason why you should throw it down the stairs," retorted the missus.

"Well, I never used it," said the hostler.

"If it belonged there I never seen it before. I always wash in the kitchen anyway."

"Yas," said George.

"The first thing I want you to do in the mornin' is to lay back your ears and walk into that stove. D'y'e understand?"

"Yas," said George.

"Figoratively speakin', mind you."

"Yas," said George.

"Then you tackle the stove in the bar; then run across to the stove in the other sittin'-room—they'll provide you with a poker; then the stove in the upstairs hall. After that you'll be feelin' good, so go out and have a wrastle with the stallion. Then chop a half a cord of wood and pile it up behind the kitchen stove. You're paying attention, George!"

"Yas," said George.

"Well, then you sweep up the house, and the front stoop, and the back yard. When you've got your chores all done—all on 'em mind you, George—you can come in and have your breakfast."

"Yas," said George.

"And I want to tell you, George, that if you want to follow the hotel business or the hostler business you couldn't have come to a better place to learn it. And they don't charge you anything either, George. Now, can I trust you, my child, to carry on the business when I shall be far away?"

"Yas," said George.

"Shake hands on it," said the former hostler.

"Go to blazes," said George.

"That man used to have a run on the main line. Engine-driver of the fast express, \$100 a month," said the bus-driver on our way up to the station. "Took to drink, was warned, laid off for two months, put on a run on a spur, got drunk again—fired bodily. Hasn't got a cent saved up. He took a job as hostler at the Royal, and now he's lost that. He's stoppin' at the house now till his hostler wages is spent, which will be by to-morrow mornin', and then he'll be completely on the bum."

"What'll he do?" I asked.

"Go on the tramp, I guess," said the bus-driver cheerfully. "There's your train whistlin' now, sir."

S. H.

humble servant drink that he may quench his thirst."

"This is the last drop you'll get to-night," said Mrs. Kribbs. "I don't care if your tongue was hangin' out ever so."

"Well, here's lookin' at you, Mrs. Kribbs," said the hostler. "You must have been a daisy when you was younger."

The man in the greasy corduroy vest had his arm in his trousers pocket up to his elbow. "Mosht extr'ordinary," he was muttering. "Called for two drinks, and when I came to pay for 'em I hadn't a cent on me. Mosht extr'ordinary."

As he had been muttering this at intervals for the last half-hour, nobody in the sitting-room paid any attention to him. The new hostler was just come and was sitting in the corner with a short black clay sticking in his Hibernian countenance. The late incumbent from across the room was regarding him fixedly.

"Don't grunt, George," he said kindly. "It ain't etiquette for a hostler; besides, it gets on my nerves."

The new hostler smiled bashfully. As he was a gnarled old fellow, twice the age of his predecessor, the latter's fatherly tone sounded oddly.

"Now, George," said the former hostler, "you to promise me to take right a holt here when I'm gone. Will you do that?"

"Yas," said George.

"I won't be stoppin' at this hotel much longer—I keep movin' on, you know, bein' in delicate health—so I want you to promise to see that things is kep' right and reg'lar when I'm gone."

"Yas," said George.

"The first thing I want you to do in the mornin' is to lay back your ears and walk into that stove. D'y'e understand?"

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Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest ship in world.
 First saloon, \$75 up; second saloon, \$40 to \$50.
New York—Southampton—Bremen
 Barbarossa.....May 19 Frieder Grosse June 1
 Koenigin Luise, May 25 Bremen.....June 8

MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR
 NAPLES, GENOA
 Saale, May 20; Aler, May 27; Kaiser Wm. II, June 3; Ems, June 10; Saale, June 24; Aler, July 1.

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Neat Philosophy.

Chicago Journal.

Some sage person has discovered, And has told in verse neat. What a lot of cash 'twould save us If we didn't have to eat.

Let me add unto this wisdom. Though the thought may make you creep, We could hoard up gold in bedclothes If we didn't have to sleep.

Furthermore, 'tis borne upon me, With a force I cannot balk, That we'd save a lot of leather If we didn't have to walk.

So, of all the bills that vex us, Just the biggest one, I guess. Would be spared for safe investment If we didn't have to dress.

Come to think the whole thing over, Free concurrence you will give, That vast wealth would line our pockets If we didn't have to live.

Anecdotal.

On one occasion a man said to Charles Lamb: "Don't you hate So-and-so?" "How could I hate him? Don't I know him? I never could hate anyone I knew." His deep knowledge of men and his strong sense of humor made hate impossible.

An old lady, who is very much of a bore, paid a visit to a family of her acquaintance. She prolonged her stay and finally said to one of the children, "I'm going away directly, Stanley, and I want you to go part of the way with me." "Can't do it. We are going to have dinner as soon as you leave," replied Stanley.

The local or national titles attributed to British regiments are not much guide to their actual composition. When Lord Spencer was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he inspected the Scots Greys in the Phoenix Park. He stopped before the tallest man in the regiment and said: "My good man, what nationality do you belong to?" "Scotch, yer hanner" was the reply. Lord Spencer further asked, "What part of Scotland do you come from?" "Tipperary," was the answer.

A correspondent, quite by accident, fell in with Mr. Kipling on a train. He at once went over to the author and made a faithful attempt to get from him some readable opinions and information. After Mr. Kipling had answered half a dozen of his questions with monosyllables, he suddenly turned upon the young man and said decisively: "It's really no use for you to try to get anything out of me. You see, I've been a newspaper man myself." Now, a reporter with a dozen years' experience on metropolitan papers has not much patience with court treatment, even from great men, so this reporter replied: "Yes?

At "The Bookshop."

Mark Twain's Books

The complete English edition of this famous writer's works—sold separately:

More Tramps Abroad
 Tom Sawyer at the Court of King Arthur
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 Prince and Pauper
 Tom Sawyer Abroad
 Tom Sawyer, Detective
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 Puddinhead Wilson
 The Stolen White Elephant
 The American Claimant
 In Cloth Binding, \$1.35.
 In Cheaper Board Covering, 60c.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
 No. 8 King Street West.

At Simla, I presume." That closed the interview.

Some amusing instances of Irish wit are given in Macdonagh's Irish Life and Character. "Why are Irishmen always laying bare the wrongs of their country?" asked someone in the House. "Because they want them redressed," thundered Major O'Gorman. An Irish navy on the Holyhead boat was complaining of his foreman. "He'd not stir a finger himself to lift a red herring off the gridiron, but he'd ask you to shift the Rock o' Gibraltar."

Rudyard Kipling's maternal grandfather was the Rev. George E. Macdonald. It is related of him that in the days when he was courting the lady whom he afterward married, the father-in-law to be—an aged Methodist, with extremely strict notions in regard to the proprieties—was injudicious enough on one occasion to enter the parlor without giving any warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found the sweethearts occupying a single chair. Deeply shocked by this spectacle, the old man solemnly said: "Mr. Macdonald, when I was courting Mrs. Brown, she sat on one side of the room and I on the other." Macdonald's reply was: "That's what I should have done if I had been courting Mrs. Brown."

Are We Art-Lovers?

The Bishop's Boomerang. Imported Wives.

I T was noon time, and many busy workers were scurrying up and down Yonge street to their hurried luncheons. The dealer had placed in his window a great lot of pictures. The just-finished engraving of the rose-hung balconies that hem in old St. Paul's in London town, the monument, the serried ranks of soldiers, prelates, nobles, and in the center the carriage with its cream Hanoverian horses, and its precious little lady, the Queen, God bless her! celebrating her Diamond jubilee. Near by, a glorious engraving of the empty tomb of the angels, the hesitating women, on the first Easter morn. Other fine pictures, but these two most compelling. The crowd rushed by, then one man's eye was caught, held, he stopped, he was looking for the little Queen. He stiffened his back and squared his shoulders, an old soldier every inch of him, and when he saw her the faintest little smile crept about his lips, and he passed on! A woman, tense, weary, perhaps sad, slowly trailed her skirt into the corner beside the Easter picture. She looked long upon it. Searching scanning the face of one mournfully solemn angel, until tears filled her tired eyes, and her face suffused with red, what came to her was strong and not unwelcome, in that five minutes she stood gazing at the Resurrection picture, through tears. Then she hurriedly gathered herself together and went speeding down the street, glancing in a frightened way at the clock. Four little boys, whooping and yelling, came to a sudden, huddled, silent stop before the window. One spoke. "Angels," he said, in a whisper, and the other three, peering after his pointing finger, looked through the grime of a fortnight, with the rapt gaze of Raphael's cherubs at the new picture. "Do you like it?" I asked the pointing gamin. "You bet. We always comes here Mondays to see the pitchers," said he, heartily. A couple of young workmen paused and looked silently, a shop girl crowded determinedly between them, and took her fill in a long stare. It was the ideal way to give the pictures to the crowd, and if you want to know how many art lovers we have whom we don't suspect, just put a really fine picture in a big Yonge street window, and stand near by at noon time, while you watch the faces of the working men and women, the girl and the boy, the old people, as they pause to look.

Love of art doesn't really belong to any class or cult. In some foreign cities one may see a carter or a porter leave his load and run across the pavement to look at a picture on exhibition with hearty appreciation and intelligence. On free days in art encouraging centers, it isn't the wealthy who crowd the galleries, but it is then one hears wise criticism and shrewd approbation, fresh and frank from the masses. There is in a back room upstairs in a ramshackle old house quite rear me a little boy who has had a long illness. When I went to see him one day, I was hurried, and said I couldn't stay, but couldn't send him something to amuse him. "If you'd lend me the lady," he said, shyly, "I'd be ever so much obliged." The lady is a Madonna which every child smiles back at. So I lent him the lady, and he goes to sleep happily, gazing at her, and wakes up with her lovely smile to greet him. I have told him the story of her life, and how it inspired Raphael to paint this sweet picture of her, and we have very artistic conversations nowadays. Other Madonnas are lent to the small boy, and he is learning all about the painters who painted them. Sometimes he turns away from a new one at first, but sooner or later he takes her also into his heart.

The Bishop of Wakefield, whose name is Eden, has been advertising Pinero's play, "The Gay Lord Quex," at a missionary meeting in his diocese. Not that His Lordship intended to do so, but, with its usual contrariety, human nature has overlooked his



Constable—You pulled a bushel of hair off the head of Hans Huberbauer the other day. What have you to say for yourself?

Accused—I merely wished to have a lock of his hair for remembrance sake.

—Fliegende Blätter.

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There is no chance of being disappointed when the word MONSOON is on the package. This is your safeguard. Take no other. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents per pound.

The Dealer

Makes a great big profit when he sells you an imitation of Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum.

is made from pure chicle gum, and there is no other gum "just as good" or half so good.

Any Salt

Will do—is that what you tell your grocer?

There is a salt that you will remember to ask for, once you try it.

It not only remains free, but is absolutely pure, white, natural salt-crystal.

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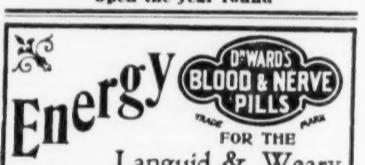
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Open the year round



Few crests, if you send me your address—any address to which they may be enclosed. Slang is vulgar, though sometimes appropriate. School girl and college girls are apt to be in a hurry. It is not in the best taste to be outside. Students glory in it. Well, 'tis a free country.

The best known Regulator of the system is Abbeys' Effervescent Salt.



J. A. S. Brunelle, M.D., C.M., Montreal, Professor of Surgery, Laval University Medical Faculty; Surgeon to the Hotel Dieu, etc., says:

"I have found it particularly beneficial in the treatment of derangements of the liver and of the digestive organs, and consider that the regular use of a preparation of this nature has a decided tendency to prolong life. I am using it in my hospital practice."

May 6, 1899

9

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Art in Brantford.

BRANTFORD is industrious, very. It is more, it is enterprising. Work is its main occupation. It works at commerce, at religion, at social life, at education, and weaves all this wool of life into shape and plan with the warp of politics. Its manufactures are diverse, from blankets and other woolen necessities, and machinery of many sorts, and foods, to telephones, and down to mouse-traps. This latter manufacture is evidently a source of much comfort to the feminine portion of the community.

It makes good business men, good students, any amount of politicians, and has managed to raise an inventor or two. Its ladies are energetic along many lines besides domestic ones, and manage to work a little at literary and musical studies, bicycling, golf, tennis, hockey, embroidery, not to speak of the arduous five o'clock tea—a work not to be lightly spoken of anywhere. Toronto's vexed question will soon need to be discussed at Brantford. This is where to draw the line in society. For as a society lady lately affirmed, "the line must be drawn somewhere. We must draw it at them—" When Brantford draws the line, it will know just where it should lie, and what is more subtle, and less easy of solution, just why it should be drawn.

In religious and benevolent works its ladies are also energetic, as is evidenced in the different charitable schemes, and in its successful Young Women's Christian Association, whose congenial little house party partake, apparently, of the prevailing energy. It was at meal time I saw them.

In striking contrast to this activity in all these lines, is the almost general lack of interest in art. Apart from the art taught in Brantford College, little else seems to be done. For twenty-five years Henry Martin, O.S.A., has been art instructor there. Now the department is in charge of J. R. Seavey, O.S.A., of Hamilton, in all but ceramic art, which Miss Spence, of Brantford, teaches, and teaches well. Under these teachers art receives just as much attention as in almost any of our ladies' colleges here. The unifying and rather conservative policy of this college in not permitting any of its art instructors to teach their subjects outside of it, tends, it would seem, to restrict art teaching in the city. There is no teaching of art outside of the college apart from that given in the class in wood carving, taught by J. R. Seavey, in which, we are glad to say, there are about fourteen students. There is no art school of any sort, no combined effort of any kind in the study of art; little individual effort, and less purchasing of works of art, although Brantford is not lacking in travelers, nor in money. Apart from the yearly Fair and a stray exhibition of an individual artist, no exhibitions are held. There is little or nothing in its municipal life to stimulate art thought. No, Brantford may be a good many things, but there is one thing it is not. It is not artistic.

In the public schools art is not wholly unrecognized. The end in view, however, in its pictures, which are many, is perhaps mainly educational, not purely aesthetic. The Central school contains, its head master states, about one thousand dollars' worth of pictures. Apart from few oil paintings by a local artist, W. Whale, of local scenes, the collection consists mainly of photographs of local gentlemen interested in education or in political life, or as the late Rev. Dr. Cochrane, whose interest was intense in every good public work. The members of the School Board, the Inspector, the Minister of Education, political rivals here and in the Old Land; poets, historians, are all on the walls in large photographs; scenes of historic interest, as the arch of Constantine, the home and graveyard of Robert Burns, and others are also there. The photographs of the inventor of the Bell telephone and his celebrated father; the boy or girl who stood highest in the school at an examination; the picture offered as a competition to the school or to a certain class; the photograph of a scene which the Brantford boy or girl, grown

to maturer years, traveling abroad, sent home to his old school, and a long list of contributions of pictures the gift of Brantford citizens, all evidence great interest in educational work at least, and if not in art for its own sake, at least an appreciation of its utility, which is most commendable. There is quite a collection of statuary.

Our School Board, and some of our citizens, could visit Brantford Central school profitably. Drawing is taught by Miss Long, in the Collegiate Institute. The aesthetic of the Kindergarten, under the capable supervision of Miss Mackenzie, is hopeful.

An Art Students' League would help art life in Brantford immensely, or a branch of the Woman's Art Association. Only those who live isolated lives, of necessity, away from the congenial companionship of those of like interests, know the depressing effect of such isolation. Truly it is not good for man (the generic "man") to be alone. A good live art school whose end is not merely to manufacture professionals, nor merely to help amateurs to "make a few pictures," but to teach the broad science of aesthetics, to give a knowledge of art thought which could be serviceable in the commonest place in life, is a necessity of any up-to-date city. Many of our important country towns are just in the condition of Brantford, without stimulus to art life. Yet our larger cities have more artists than they support. Why there are not enthusiastic sketching classes in the summer, in places where interesting spots abound, is strange. Yet such are anything but common. Surely some of our city artists could visit some of our country towns and cities in summer and find many rejoiced to sketch. That is, of course, if he or she could sketch well themselves. Some artists cannot sketch well nor do anything else well. The demand is for capable artists. Portraiture (we exclude those awful things in black and white) is comparatively unknown.

An exhibition which is of unusual interest, and of value particularly to Canadians, is now on the way at Townsend's Art Gallery. It consists of over a hundred paintings of L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A. Almost all are of recent date, and among them are the best works ever painted by him. The scenes are almost without exception Canadian, and therefore of double interest. Mr. O'Brien's work needs no recommendation at this late date from us. The medium most generally employed by him is water color; but as a true artist, Mr. O'Brien seizes the medium which best expresses his thought, and is able in an unusual degree to obtain the strength of oils in his water colors, and the transparency and simplicity of water colors in his oils. He is master of his medium, not its slave. On Wednesday at 2 p.m. the whole of this valuable collection will be sold.

Miss Edith Hemming, who has been laid aside from her painting for some weeks by illness, is, we are glad to know, quite recovered and prepared to meet her class in miniature painting again. JEAN GRANT.

KIDNEY DISEASES.

Are Positively Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Linn County People Know This—Their Experience Has Proved It—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. Peter O'Brien of Kidney Complaint.

Kilmarnock, May 1.—The people of this section are among the shrewdest and most level-headed people in Canada. They know a good thing when they meet it. And when they "run up against" a good thing they make use of it. That is why Dodd's Kidney Pills have such an enormous sale in this district. That's the reason Dodd's Kidney Pills are used in nearly every household in the county.

It is nothing unusual to hear of several cures of Kidney Disease, every day, by Dodd's Kidney Pills, in this neighborhood. The medicine is in universal use. It has the record of having completely cured every case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsey, Lumbargia, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Heart Failure, Urinary Disease, Diseases of Women, or Blood Impurity, in which it has been used. Our people claim that it is the only medicine on earth that will cure these diseases.

A still further claim is made by those who have used Dodd's Kidney Pills. They assert, emphatically, (and to speak the truth, they bring convincing proof), that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are as easily cured, if Dodd's Kidney Pills are used, as is a common cold.

Mrs. Peter O'Brien, of Smith's Falls, whose cure is the latest reported, has many friends in Kilmarnock, and her complete recovery amazes, while it delights them. Her case was a severe one of Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills worked a wonderfully quick and complete cure.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or will be sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co. Limited, Toronto.

Biggs—I once wrote for Scribbler's Magazine. Biggs—Did you? Biggs—Yes; but they refused to send it to me unless I paid my subscription in advance.—Ex.

"Where does the boat called a 'smack' properly belong?" "I don't know." "Why, on the face of the waters."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

High Principles.
Punch.

Raphael Green (proudly clasping his epoch-making work, The Rescue of Andromeda, to driver)—Drive to Burlington House, please.

Ultra-modest cabby—No, sir, I really couldn't do it. What would my friends say if they was to see me drivin' that down Piccadilly?

Books and Shop Talk.



N English college professor, recently writing upon style, says that "the business of letters is twofold, to find words for meaning, and to find meaning for words." It strikes me, writes John Burroughs in the Critic, that the last half of this proposition is not true of the serious

writer, of the man who has something to say, but is true only of what is called "the stylist;" the man who has been so often described as one having nothing to say, which he says extremely well. The stylist's main effort is a verbal one, to find meaning for words; he does not wrestle with ideas but with terms and phrases; his thoughts are word-begotten and are often as unsubstantial as spectres and shadows. The stylist cultivates words as the florist cultivates flowers, and a new adjective, or a new collocation of terms, is to him what a new chrysanthemum or a new combination of colors is to his brother of the forcing-house. He is more a European product than an American. London and Paris abound in men who cultivate the art of expression for its own sake, who study how to combine words so as to tickle the verbal sense without much reference to the value of the idea expressed. The lust of expression, the conjuring with mere words, is evident. All writers with whom literature is an art aim at style in the sense that they aim to present their subject matter in the most effective form—with clearness, freshness, force. They become stylists when their thoughts wait upon their words, as in Swinburne, or when their thoughts are word-begotten. Writers like Gibbon, De Quincey, Macaulay, have studied and elaborate styles, but in each the subject matter is paramount and the mind finds something solid to rest upon.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler has written another book, which is even brighter in handling and better in plot than Concerning Isabel Carnaby, of which I spoke highly, and which is being widely read in Toronto. A Double Thread is the title of the new book, and it is published for Canada by William Briggs. It is a story of twin sisters, who, in their infancy, lose both parents, one being adopted by the rich and titled paternal grandfather, the other by the poor and obscure maternal grandfather. The girls are so much alike that people who see them in their different spheres are somewhat confused. Elfrida is the rich one. "She had everything that fortune could give her, and consequently was weary of her life, which seems like a paradox but is really a platitude." She was neither tall nor short, but a comfortable "three-quarter size," which made women look short and men tall beside her. Elfrida kept a chaperone after her grandfather, Lord Harland, died, "a widow of unknown age, who made up for her lack of youth by extreme archness. She was a kind-hearted little woman, and would have been really nice if only she had allowed herself to grow up; but girlishness, when it becomes chronic, is an irritating malady." Elfrida and Captain Jack Le Mesurier are talking about women in one place and Elfrida makes some explanations:

"Now I have learnt that if a woman appears to hate a man, she really has begun to care for him and is not

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See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

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Beg to announce that their new brand of

SPECIAL EXTRA MILD BOTTLED ALE

Is without exception the finest yet produced in Canada. As clear as Champagne and without sediment. Our other brands are Gold Label, Imperial, XXX Stout Porter, Pilsener and Imperial Lager

BOCK BEER IN SEASON

TO BE HAD AT HOTELS AND LIQUOR DEALERS



The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

acquaintances. It is refreshing to read such a book after too long a course of heroics. Published by the W. J. Gage Company, Limited.

The retirement of William George Jordan from the editorship of the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia is announced. Mr. Jordan made Current Literature a success, and then took hold of the Ladies' Home Journal.

When the Curtis Company bought the Post Mr. Jordan accepted the editorship and quickly placed that paper in a fine position. Just why he has resigned is not known, nor are his future intentions made public, but we may rest assured that he is not a man who will be allowed to disappear.

Ragged Lady, by W. D. Howells, is an interesting book treating of a young country girl who was taken up by a rich widow and carried into society and off to Italy. The story is written in Howells' well-known style, and his characters are real people, such as we might reasonably expect to meet with any day. It is in reality a study of life, and the people in the book are as complex, as good, as bad, as commonplace, as one's friends and

acquaintances. It is refreshing to read such a book after too long a course of heroics. Published by the W. J. Gage Company, Limited.

It is a handsome volume, and neat—having an advantage over a great many books in that you can slip it into your pocket when going anywhere on train, boat or wheel, and I consider this a very important thing, though generally overlooked. Published by William Briggs.

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MUSIC

The announcement that a demonstration of the Fletcher System of Music would be given in the Conservatory music hall last Saturday afternoon attracted a large audience of people interested in obtaining a clearer knowledge of the methods and aims of this unique method of piano forte teaching for children. Mr. James L. Hughes gave a brief outline of the system and emphasized its value from an educational standpoint, after which Miss Edith Myers of the Conservatory staff gave practical illustrations of the work accomplished by means of eight of her classes. The children evinced a practical and accurate knowledge of notation, rhythm, time, pitch, etc., all of which had been acquired in a happy manner by means of musical games, and other devices comprised in the method and forming an integral part of it. Miss Myers gave a good account of herself and her pupils, and with such an intelligent and capable exponent as she proves herself to be, the system is bound to meet with the success it deserves. The musical selections following the short essays by the children on Bach, Handel and Beethoven were as follows: Bach's Fugue in G minor, played by Mr. David Wright, organ pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt; Handel's Harmonious Blacksmith, played by Miss Etta Chester, and the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, No. 1, played by Miss Ada F. Wagner, both these young ladies being pupils of Dr. Edward Fisher.

Mr. E. W. Schuch has removed to more commodious premises at 2 Elgin Avenue, corner of Avenue road, where he is fitting up a charming studio. The success that has attended so many of his pupils, always keeps this popular master's time fully occupied.

Mrs. Norma Reynolds Reburn is receiving very favorable reports of her former pupil, Mr. H. C. Johnson, well known in Toronto, he having filled several positions in prominent churches as tenor soloist, before going two years ago to London, Eng., to continue his studies under Signor Randegger and Mr. Beaumont, R.A.M. Mr. Johnson has been very successful and is at present tenor soloist at St. Stephen's church, South Kensington, and deputy at St. Paul's cathedral. Mrs. Reburn was pleased with Mr. Johnson's application and talent while under her instruction, and is very gratified with his progress since going to England, as she felt sure he would be successful. Mr. Johnson has just concluded several very important engagements. He made his debut in Judas Maccabeus, and has since sung publicly in the Messiah, Elijah, St. Paul, Hymn of Praise, Redemption, Acis and Galatea, and the Rose Maiden. His concert engagements have included performances in Royal Albert, Royal Victoria, Steinway and Hampstead Vestry halls, in company with the best known artists. Mr. Johnson has many excellent press notices, of which the following is a sample: "Mr. Harry Johnson sang several selections and roused the audience to cheer by his excellent singing. His voice, clear, powerful and pathetic, shows wide range and careful training."

The choir of West Presbyterian church, conducted by Mr. McNally, gave a concert last Tuesday in the lecture room of the church, which was very successful. The choruses and part-songs by the choir were given with careful attention to shading, but vigor was not lacking when called for. Assistance was rendered by Mrs. A. Moir Dow and Messrs. Breckenridge and Gourlay of the choir, and by Miss Bertha Rogers, contralto; Mr. Archibald, tenor; Mr. Wenborne, baritone; Miss De Nure, pianist, and Mr. Switzer, violinist. These all met with a most flattering reception on the part of the audience, and the programme was admitted to be one of the best ever given by the choir.

Mr. Paul Hahn has just had a pleasing compliment paid him by Mr. Watkin Mills, that eminent artist having offered him an engagement to play at his entire series of concerts through Canada. Mr. Hahn, however, has had to decline the offer owing to pressure of business engagements.

Miss Lillian Kirby, pupil of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, sang the solo He Shall Feed His Flock, from the Messiah, in the Parkdale Presbyterian church last Sunday evening. Miss Kirby is possessed of a beautiful, rich contralto.

In Shakespeare's Days is the title of an operetta published by Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons of Warwick Lane, London, Eng., the music by E. Ouseley Gilbert and the libretto by M. C. Gillington. The book is designed to enable English boys and girls of to-day to realize the life, ideals, pursuits and games of Elizabethan times, as well as to form an acquaintance with the dialect. The story centers in the adventures of two Stratford boys who, having heard of Shakespeare's success in the English metropolis, go after him and experience many curious adventures. The composer has done his work well with regard to the purpose contemplated. The music is light, tuneful and easy, and in the characteristically English style. For singing and acting in schools the operetta should be just the thing.

A genuine British regimental band, that of the Coldstream Guards, will shortly pay a visit to Canada and will be heard in Toronto under the management

of Mr. Suckling of the Massey Hall. According to a Birmingham paper, the band has obtained permission from the British Government authorities to come here. By many authorities this band is said to be the best in England; at any rate it is one of the best regimental bands. Dan Godfrey's present band is of course a private band, whatever may be claimed as to the positions its members formerly held. Further particulars of the proposed visit will, it is expected, be forthcoming in a few days.

The organ recital which was given in the Jarvis street Baptist church last Saturday afternoon by Miss Jessie Perry turned out to be one of the most successful events of its kind this season. Miss Perry's extensive technique, her well rounded musicianship, and her skill in registration, were well and sufficiently proved in the Bach Toccata in F. Guilmant's first sonata in D minor, Krebs' Concert G Fugue in G, and in smaller works and arrangements of standard orchestral compositions. Miss Perry had the valuable assistance of Miss Dora McMurtry, the talented soprano soloist of the church, who gave an excellent rendering of an aria from Mendelssohn's Elijah and a taking song by Charles A. E. Harris. The recital was the last of the special series given during the season by professional pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt, the organist of the church.

Dr. Hans Richter has made an arrangement with the Vienna Opera Company which will permit him to pass three months of the coming season in England. He will spend most of the time in Manchester, but has made arrangements for attending the Birmingham Festival. As he is held in high esteem in England, he will no doubt be much in request at musical functions of a public nature.

Mr. Vance Thompson, in the New York *Criterion*, recently disposed of Wagner in the following expeditious manner: "Can you not see the old music-drama tottering to its fall? The legends fade. The musical expression of Schopenhauer's dreary, aristocratic philosophy is perwigged, oldish, untimely. Wagner's art is of the past, the formula is worn out. . . . His work is the gigantic monument—and tomb, of a dead form of art!"

Mr. John Bayley, the bandmaster of the Queen's Own, has taken up his residence at Balmy Beach for the summer.

Miss Bertha D. Adamson, our talented solo violinist, will give her first annual concert in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens on May 21. She will be assisted by a string orchestra.

The date of the concert of the Toronto Chamber Music Association has been fixed for May 16. The Spiering String Quartette of Chicago will be the principal attraction. The list of the music to be given will be announced in a few days.

Mr. Victor Herbert's two operas, The Idol's Eye and The Wizard of the Nile, were reproduced at the Grand Opera House last week by Mr. Frank Daniels and his company. The Idol's Eye does not improve with renewed acquaintance. The first act is barren of music that is in any special sense engaging, while the choruses in the second act are pretentious without being popularly effective. The opera may, in fact, be regarded simply as a medium of exploiting Mr. Daniels' not over-refined comic and narrow line of business. The Wizard of the Nile has several numbers of a "catchy" order and this is its chief recommendation. As soon as the public is tired of Mr. Daniels and

his ever-shifting petticoat, the operas, I have no doubt, will disappear from the repertory of traveling opera companies.

Miss Jennie B. Williams, a talented piano pupil of Mr. McNally, gave a very enjoyable recital in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening, April 27. She was assisted by Miss Maude Snarr, soprano, and Miss Kate Archer, violinist. The cosy little hall was crowded to the doors. Miss Williams' principal numbers were Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, first movement; Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, and Schumann's Impromptu, op. 149, No. 3. She displayed a well developed technique, as well as brilliancy and warmth of style. These merits were particularly in evidence in the concerto. Miss Snarr gained an encore in Miss Williams' song, Slumber, Little One, the obligato played by Miss Archer enhancing the effect.

Messrs. George N. Morang & Co. of Toronto have just published the first volume of the Music Lover's Library, entitled The Orchestra and Orchestral Music, by Mr. W. J. Henderson, the musical critic of the New York *Times*. This interesting little work, which is exceedingly well printed, is intended to help amateurs in forming an intelligent appreciation of the orchestra in regard to its functions, its composition, and its distinguishing characteristics as found in the playing of the representative organizations of the world. A description of each instrument employed in the modern orchestra is given, and illustrations are supplied of the leading members of the brass and wood choirs, with portraits of the famous conductors of Europe and the United States. Sketches are added of the development of the conductor, of the development of the methods of scoring, and much other useful information. The great mass of the public know very little of the orchestra and its component parts, and I can heartily commend the book as likely to do good service in widening the range of the appreciative enjoyment of the average concert-goer.

The following delightful ingenuous opinion was given by a student at an examination: "Chopin showed how the sentimental could be brought out. His music is flaming and smooth, while that of Mozart is more labored and not so spontaneous."

A lady who had been struggling at the same time with poverty and lessons on an old square piano, came into money and forthwith bought a new upright piano. Conscious of the advantages of her newly acquired wealth, in a kind and gentle but firm manner she informed her teacher that she would be obliged to dismiss her—she must have one who taught the upright method.

The methods of the anatomical school of voice culture have led to some amusing popular misconceptions. A young lady who had certainly plenty of courage and was willing to endure much for the sake of art, went to a noted teacher of singing to take lessons. After her voice had been tried she said, "Madame, you will give me ether or chloroform, won't you?" "For what?" enquired the astonished teacher. "Why, when you make the hole in my diaphragm for the breath to pass through I don't want to know it!" In another case an anxious mother asked a teacher what method of breathing he taught—from the lower or the upper diaphragm, at the same time expressing her conviction that the correct method was by the upper.

The result of the recent annual musical plebiscite at Glasgow is very interesting. The vote was taken in connection with the classical and popular concerts given by the Choral and Orchestral Union during the season. Altogether 89 pieces were given at these concerts—13 symphonies, 33 overtures and preludes, 6 suites and ballet music, and 37 miscellaneous numbers, and the audience were invited to vote for one work in each class which they desired to hear again. In the symphonies, Schubert's Unfinished came first with 439 votes, Dvorak's From the New World second with 418, Beethoven's Pastoral third with 362. In the overture class, Wagner's Tannhauser headed the list with 436 votes, and was followed closely by Beethoven's Leonora No. 3. In the next class, Grieg's suite Peer Gynt obtained 719

votes, and Tschaikowski's Nutcracker suite 554. In the miscellaneous compositions Wagner's Introduction to the third act of Lohengrin came first with 266 votes, Handel's Largo being second with 214, and a selection of Brahms' Hungarian Dances third with 206. The facts show that there is much similarity in the musical taste of the public in Britain and the United States and Canada, so far as one can judge by the manifestations in the leading cities.

A northern English musical critic has just distinguished himself by the following entirely new notion of the Messiah. He says: "The oratorio is a musical expression of the promise of Israel, and the libretto, chosen by a friend of Handel with exquisite taste, is a beautiful touching mosaic of promise and prophecy, leading on through the ravishingly sweet pastoral symphony to the advent of the Messiah, the Healer and the Comforter, then by way of the intense pathos of the alto solo. Handel was despatched through the Passion and the grave till you feel the Rock, Tomb swaying, and the gates of Glory opening, and the culminating clash of the music of earth and heaven ring out in glorious power in Worthy is the Lamb and in the absolutely triumphantly unique Hallelujah chorus, which, since the first performance before the king and the court, has always raised the listeners to their feet."

We believe that a composition of such stupendous majesty will never be truly sung till it be given to the ingathered worlds in heaven itself." The critic concludes his grandiloquent description: "To enter fully into the rapture, to get down into the heart of the pathos, to rise to the fury, to catch the idyllic sweetness of this work, over which, through all its moods, the pillar of cloud and fire, the shadow and the wailing of Jewish prophecy and history, makes a great demand on insight, technique, art, passionateness of singers and players." The talents of the critic are evidently wasted in the provinces. He ought to apply to the *Times* for a suitable position.

Mr. Harold Jarvis will sing several choice solos at the sacred concert announced for Thursday evening, May 11, in Westminster Presbyterian church, Bloor street east.

Le Galliene and Kipling.

Vancouver Province.

THERE is a young man named Richard Le Galliene who writes many smart things. Some of his smartness is won at the expense of truth and some at the expense of decency, but there can be no denying its existence nevertheless.

His awful conceit and his thorough unconsciousness of it, is perhaps the most interesting phase of the young man's character.

He admires himself immensely, nor does he hesitate to say so in his writings.

One of his latest attacks has been on the Empire's loved son, Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Kipling has been universally lauded while an unsympathetic public has turned coldly aside from Mr. Le Galliene's lace frills and pink nastiness. This has led Mr. Le Galliene to deal with Mr. Kipling in his novel Young Lives, a work which is principally autobiographical and of which, of course, he is himself the hero. He is at an evening party at his publisher's house when

"Presently there entered a tall young man with a long, thin face curtailed on each side with enormous masses of black hair—like a slip of the young moon glimmering through a pine wood. At the same moment there entered, as if by design, his very antithesis, a short, firmly built, clerky fellow with a head like a barrel, a round face, a short, shiny, big brown mustache and enormous spectacles. 'That,' said the publisher, referring to the moon-in-the-pine-wood young man, 'is our young apostle of sentiment, our new man of feeling, the best-hated man we have, and the other is our young apostle of blood. He is all for muscle and brutality—and he makes all the money. It is one of our many fashions now to sing "Britons and brutality." But my impression is that our young man of feeling will have his day—though he will have to wait for it. He would hasten it if he would cut his hair, but that he says he will never do."

It might do the young man good if he would run out and roll in the snow.

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Social and Personal.

Rev. Dean Harris of St. Catharines was in town for the archiepiscopal installation on Wednesday.

The Misses Maud and Mabelle Pearson, after convalescing from recent illness, are again with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin P. Pearson.

Mrs. Mercer Adams, with her daughter, Mary, are visiting Mrs. W. A. Karn of Woodstock.

Mr. Warner has removed from Carlton street to 502 Church street, where Mrs. Warner (nee Webb) will be at home on Monday, May 8, and on the following first and third Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McIntosh are spending a few weeks in Los Angeles, Cal. Most encouraging is the news received concerning Mrs. McIntosh's improved health.

Mrs. Gurney E. Still will receive on the second and fourth Tuesdays in May at her new home, 7 Selby street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Aspden of Chicago are at present on a visit to Mr. T. Aspden, 158 Dowling avenue, Parkdale.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Prizer have removed from Madison avenue to 399 Huron street. Mrs. Prizer will receive as heretofore on second and third Fridays.

Miss Estelle Tomlinson will spend May and June with her relatives at Howden Holme.

Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn has gone to Montreal to visit her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Tait.

Miss Moore of Peterborough has been the guest of Major and Mrs. Leigh of Dovercourt road.

Personal.

A young lady who has excellent references, desires a position as lady companion or guardian of children during parental vacation, for about a month or longer. Salary not so important as congenial home. Immediate or later engagement. Personal interview, if requested. A line to the address below will have prompt attention.

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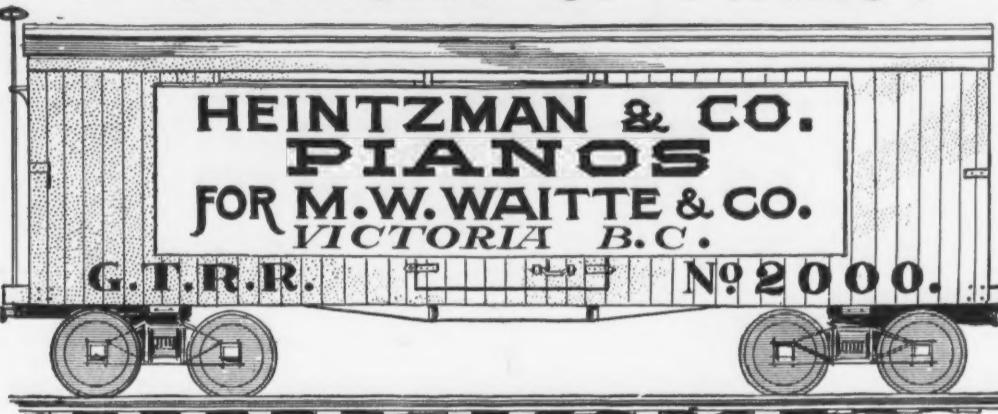
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But to secure these properties you must use the **whole** of the grain. You cannot reject any part of the wheat without upsetting Nature's plan, and robbing some part of the human system of the nourishment intended for it in making

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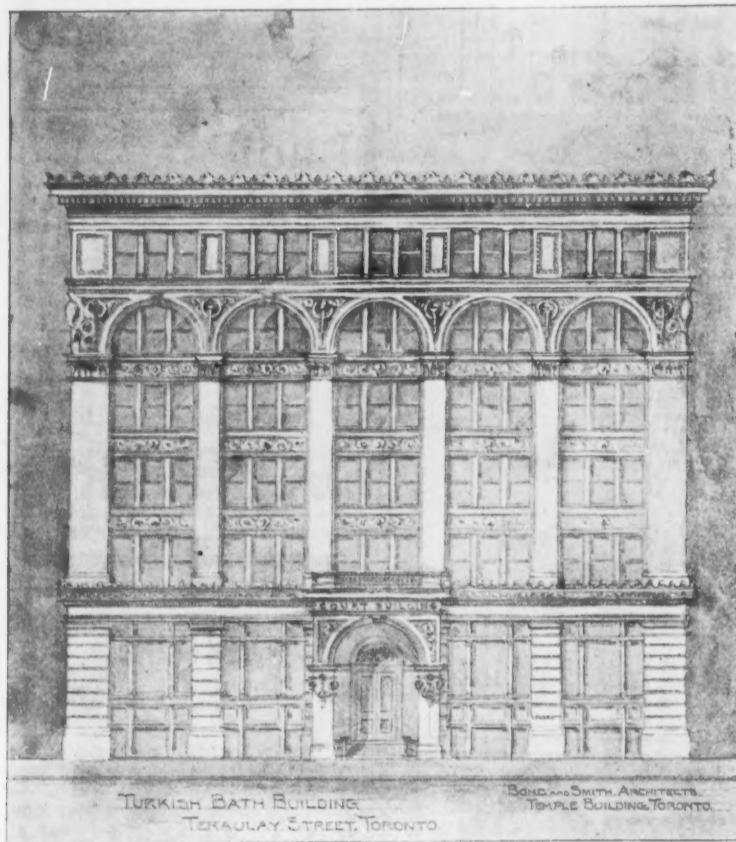
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TORONTO'S NEW TURKISH BATHS AND OFFICE BUILDING.

TORONTO is becoming quite a city and is beginning to offer to her citizens and to her visitors the accommodations that are justly expected of metropolitan life. Nothing better illustrates this than the scope and completeness of the new bathhouse which is to be at once erected on Teraulay street, opposite the western entrance to the new City Hall buildings, and of which we here give some archi-

for massage and therapeutics. Physicians in all parts of the country may with safety and advantage send their patients to this institution for treatment unobtainable elsewhere. Toronto will hereby be afforded an advertisement of no ordinary character.

In the designing and equipment of this new building nothing that can add to its completeness and comfort will be omitted. It will be situated on a



Front of Building.

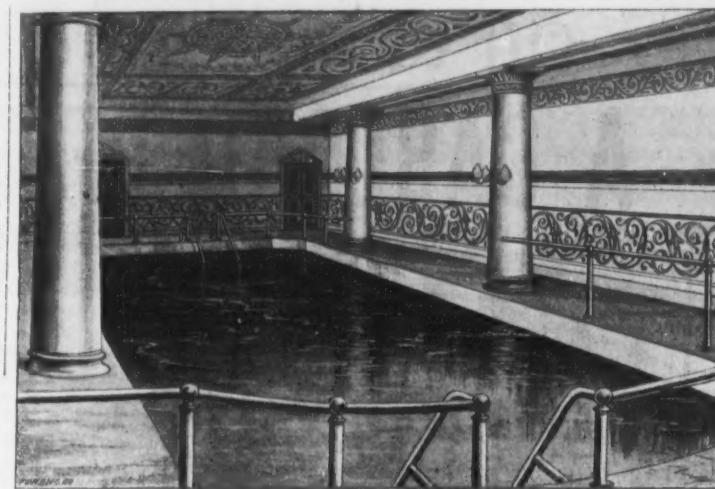
tectural drawings and interior views. The project will be carried out on such a scale that it will be one of the boasts of the city, for nothing better of the kind will exist anywhere in the world. It is the very thing that Toronto has needed. People will no longer require to go abroad for scientific bath treatment—Turkish, Russian or electric—in connection with the most skilful therapeutics, when we have in Toronto an establishment that cannot be surpassed anywhere, and perhaps not equalled in elegance of appointments and scope of operations. Modern life is so strenuous that the value of Turkish, Russian and electric baths is recognized everywhere, and it is to meet this wide recognition and to accommodate Toronto people and thousands of visitors from outside points in Canada and from abroad, that this fine building is to be erected on City Hall square. The enterprise is launched by citizens of the highest reputation and its success is assured. The building will be a fine one, seven stories in height, and will face the new City Hall. The baths will occupy the three lower floors, while the four upper stories will be occupied as offices—and of these offices there will be 180 to rent—bright, modern, with vaults, and in what will henceforth be the heart's-core of the city. The location and finish of the building will make these offices in great demand.

Not only will scientific bathing be always possible and easy, but there will be apartments in connection

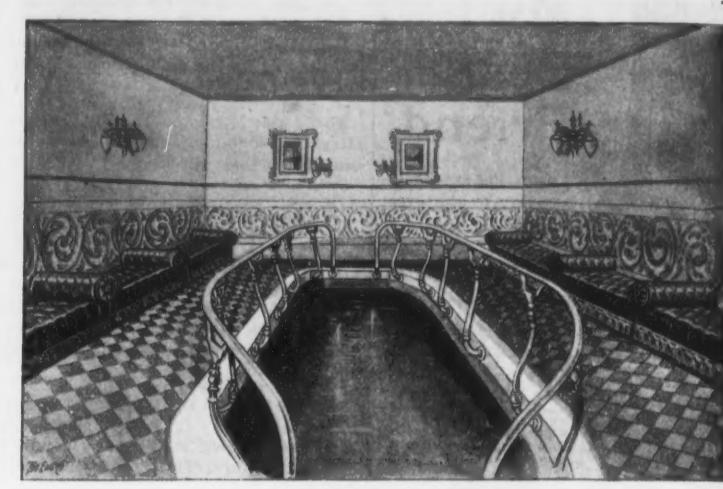
lot of 112 feet frontage and 107 feet deep. On this lot the erection of a building 88 feet by 150 feet and seven stories high will soon be commenced. The building will be surrounded by a twelve-foot granolithic driveway, from which entrance to the baths will be afforded for ladies and gentlemen.

Many interesting features of the place, not the least is the fact that all the water which will be used for bathing purposes will be furnished from an artesian well on the property. The baths will be equally available for gentlemen and for ladies. One side will be given over to one sex and the other to the other sex, with a separating wall between. Strict disciplinary rules will be enforced, and the ladies being enabled to take baths day and night will have privileges not afforded by any other city.

The baths when completed are, it is announced, to be the largest improved baths in the world. There will be two plunges or swimming baths, each 25 feet wide by 40 feet long, besides two each 8 feet wide by 12 feet long. The smaller plunges will be located in the Russian baths or steam-rooms. The series, with all the latest improved machinery, fittings, etc., up to the



One of Two Plunges 25 by 40.



Steam Room and One of Two Plunges 8 by 12.

present date, will make the baths far in advance of any doing business in either the United States or Canada. Some of the most able experts on Turkish and Russian baths in the United States and Europe have been consulted.

The design of the exterior of the building shows a remarkably neat structure, one which will certainly be a credit to "City Hall square." The building will be constructed upon the most improved and modern plans, the materials being stone, brick, steel and marble, with metallic ceilings and tile and concrete floors, thus making the building fireproof.

The most important branch, the Turkish and Russian baths, will be on the first floor, occupying a space of 75 feet long by 88 feet wide, divided in the center into an apartment for each sex, so that the gentlemen's and ladies' bath-rooms will each be 75 feet long and 44 feet wide. Here will be the hot-rooms, steam-rooms, plunge-baths, rubbing, drying and massage-rooms, each fitted out in elegant furnishings. The front room on this floor will contain a very essential part of the place, a restaurant, cafe and private dining-rooms. This room will be 65 feet long and 88 feet wide. A hall 10 feet wide and 88 feet long will divide the cafe from the baths, and this hall will be used for bicycle rooms, being separated in the center into two parts, the north side for ladies and the south side for gentlemen. At the rear of the first floor will be placed, outside the building, the electric lighting plant, steam boilers and engines, thus insuring absolute safety from this source of danger.

The second floor will be of a mixed cha-

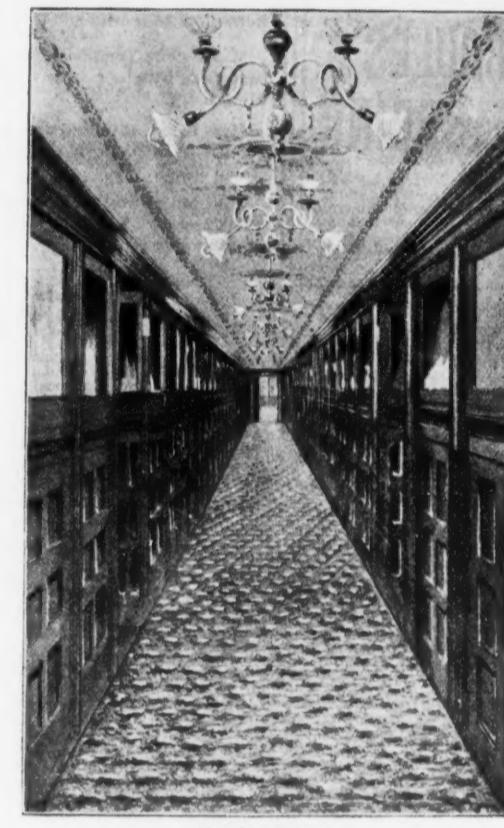
nvenience and accommodation either for their personal comfort or their restoration to health. One hundred couches, to be used by people who do not desire bedrooms, will be placed in the cooling and resting parlors.

Another and most important branch of the work will be located on the third floor. Here will be the electric baths, massage and sleeping rooms. This is a class of work which is constantly growing in importance, and its value as an adjunct to other health restoring agencies in the city will be at once admitted by all who are familiar with the science. In connection with the Turkish baths there will be a therapeutic institute for the electrical and mechanical treatment of various diseases under the direct supervision of a physician. A large class of cases can be successfully treated only by such an institute devoted entirely to the management of particular diseases, as hospitals are not equipped for this special work. There will be provided good accommodation, so that patients coming from a distance can remain in the building, receive their baths and treatment under the constant care and advice of the medical attendants. The institution will be equipped with the latest improved electrical and mechanical appliances for the treatment of the following diseases: Neuralgia, nervous affections, both paralytic and spasmodic neuralgias and rheumatism, disorders of the digestive system, or dyspepsia, constipation, obesity or corpulence, and functional disturbances of the liver and kidneys, as well as many other diseases. The value of the baths from a medical

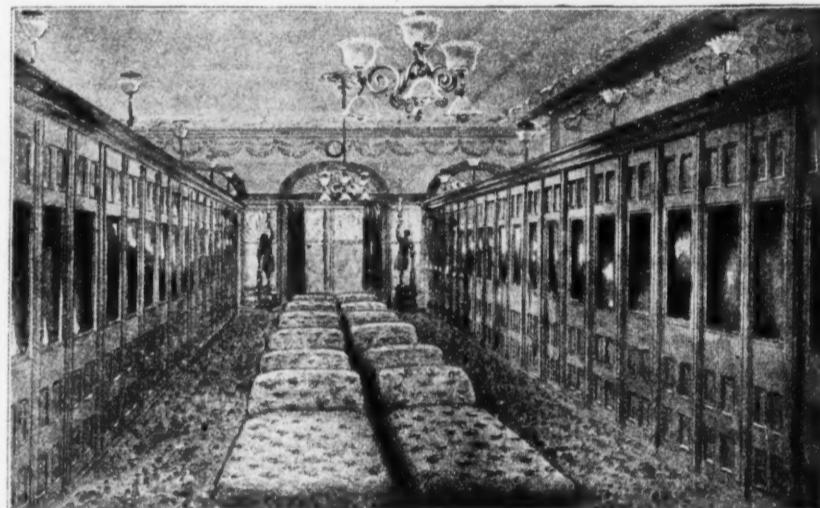
society to complete it will be \$150,000. The

receipts and expenses of operating the building, however, will be considerably less, which will show a large surplus and profit, which will pay to the stockholders a good dividend per annum, and will leave a substantial amount to be placed to the credit of the company for a reserve fund. The com-

closed. This trust company will pay out to the contractors and builders all moneys certified from time to time upon progress certificates, and attend generally to the financial interests of the company until the building is handed over by the contractors and accepted by the company. It is proposed to commence the erection of this building on or about May 15 and to com-



Sleeping Rooms.

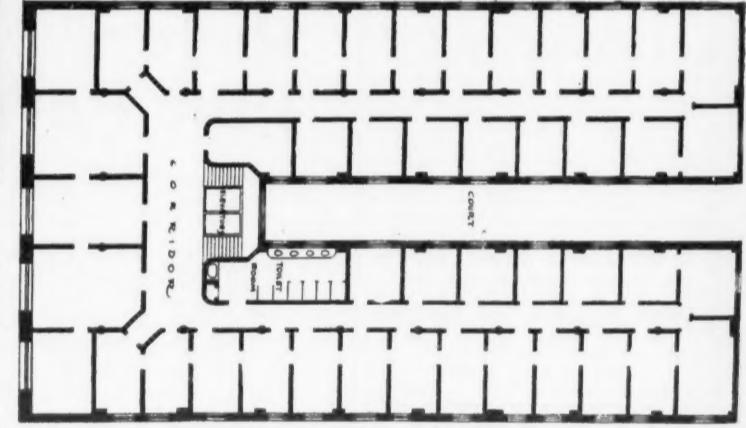


One of Two Dressing and Resting Rooms.

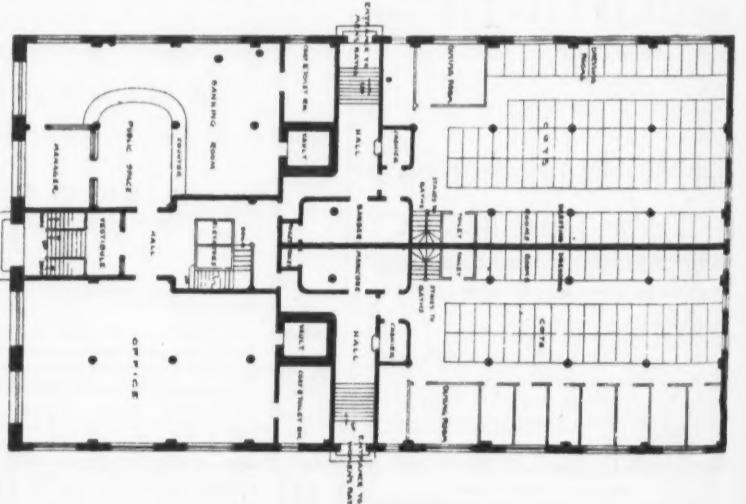
pany is, therefore, to be organized with a capital of \$150,000 in 3,000 shares of \$50 each.

The receiving of subscriptions for stock will be placed in the hands of a trust company, which will issue stock certificates therefor until the subscription book is

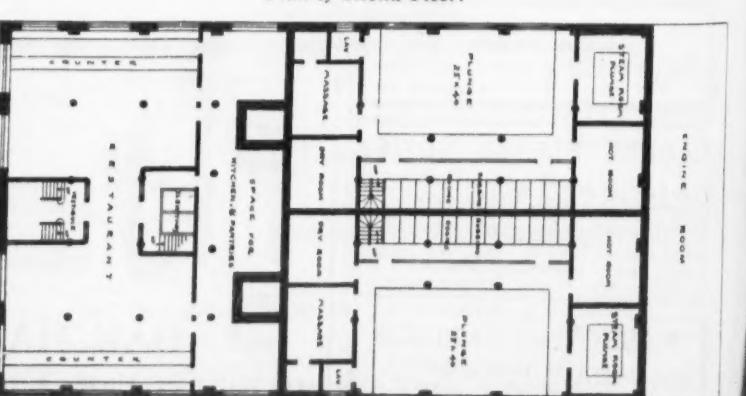
plete the same on or before October 1, 1899. SATURDAY NIGHT publishes in this issue sketches, plans and general interior views of the proposed building, which will show more eloquently than words what the new structure will be when it is completed.



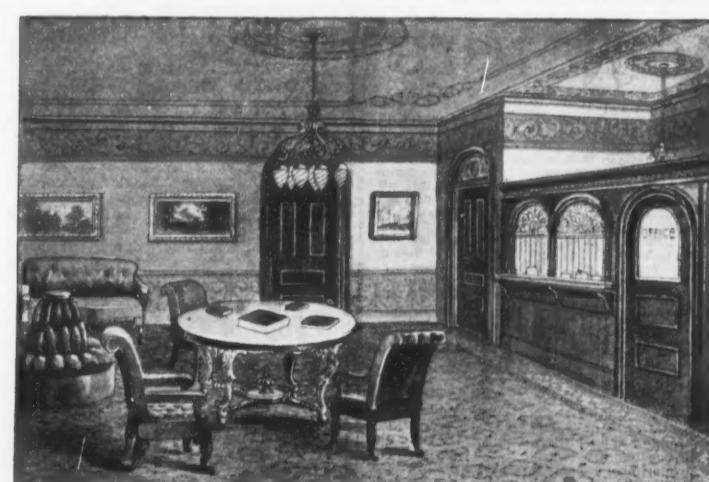
Typical Floor Plan of Upper Stories



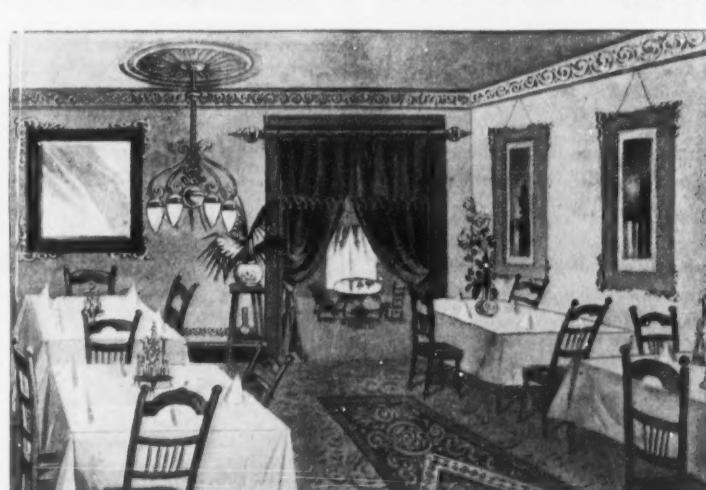
Plan of Second Floor.



Plan of First Floor.



One of Two Offices and Reception Rooms.



One of Two Hot Rooms.